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CONTENTS.

I. 1920,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	3
II. EVERYBODY'S CHANCE. By John Habberton,	<i>Leisure Hour</i> ,	11
III. LORD SALISBURY. By Augustin Filon,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	28
IV. THE PEASANT-LIFE OF SOUTH RUSSIA,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	35
V. MATTHEW ARNOLD IN HIS LETTERS. By Alfred Austin,	<i>National Review</i> ,	46
VI. THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS. By G. W. Bulman,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	55
VII. THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF INFANCY,	<i>Punch</i> ,	60
VIII. ON THE LECTERN,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	62

POETRY.

SONNET,	2	SUPPOSE,	2
A COUNTRY LANE,	2	PARENTAGE,	2

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SONNET.

Old thoughts, old memories of days gone
by,
Lift their dead faces from the shroud of
years,
And crowd my path, to-night—I know
not why!—
Pleading, with ceaseless voices, in mine
ears,
For recognition and remembrance. Chill,
Chill too, and bitter is the wintry blast;
And yet, methinks, upon it lingers still
The fragrant breath of summer nights
long past
Hoarse is the murmur of the river too;
Yet in its voice is echoed o'er and o'er
The old sweet song we heard long, long
ago,
That harvest night when, ling'ring by the
shore,
Beneath the sheen of holy stars we stood,
Nor dreamt of winter winds or tempests
rude.

Chambers' Journal.

M. C. C.

A COUNTRY LANE.

Between steep banks it winds along,
O'erhung with leafy hawthorn-trees,
From which in spring the thrush's song
Floats softly on the soft south breeze.
There is the earliest primrose found,
And modest purple violets grow,
And trembling wind-flowers star the
ground,
And humble ragged robins blow.

There, too, on golden summer eves,
The old folks like to stroll and talk;
Or slowly, under whispering leaves,
The self-absorbed young lovers walk,
While, fresh as youthful hopes, unfurl
New growths about their lingering feet;
And tender fronds of fern uncurl,
And all the balmy air is sweet

With mingled scents of thyme and musk,
And wilding-roses, passion-pale,
As trembles through the dewy dusk
The music of the nightingale.
And, stealing from some hidden nook,
Adown the lane and o'er the lea,
By pleasant ways, a silver brook
Runs, singing, to the silver sea.

Chambers' Journal.

E. MATHESON.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose that it were told some summer's
eve,
Told in some town that looks upon the
sea,
Told by sure token all men must be-
lieve,
That sunset they beheld the last should
be
Which ever in the golden west would
leave
Promise of dawn; and never more with
glee
Should birds make twittering, as the first
beams cleave
The trembling darkness of the eastern
lee—
Oh! how along the quay, at every door,
Would all the people stand, silent and
pale,
Staring with eyes amazed at sea and
shore,
And on each other—how their hearts
would fail;
How new and strange familiar things
would seem
By the last sunset's last departing
gleam!

MARY A. M. MARKS.

PARENTAGE.

"The unmarried, said Augustus Cesar, who will
not add to the strength of the State, may be called
slayers of the people."

Ah no, not these!

These, who were childless, are not they
who gave
So many dead unto the journeying wave—
The helpless nurslings of the cradling
seas;
Not they who doomed by infallible
decrees
Unnumbered man to the innumerable
grave.

But those who slay
Are fathers. Theirs are armies. Death
is theirs;
The death of innocences and despair;
The dying of the golden and the grey.
The sentence, when these speak it, has no
Nay.
And she who slays is she who bears, who
bears.

Saturday Review.

ALICE MEYNELL.

From The Contemporary Review.
1920.

Intelligent foreign critics think that a leading characteristic of our race—including the various branches of the widespread British Empire, and our great offshoot the United States—is an undue absorption in the concrete realities of the present and an indifference to the ideal and the future. This, if true, seems to be due to the predominance of the heavy Saxon element in our blood, with its devotion to the material and the practical. Under modern conditions, wherein the energies of the whole race are so largely devoted to the pursuit of wealth, this factor seems to be steadily gaining ground on the more enthusiastic and ideal elements inspired into our forefathers by their infusion of Celtic and Scandinavian or Norman blood.

However this may be, our statesmen and politicians have undoubtedly a tendency to a somewhat narrow and time-serving dealing with the pressing questions of the moment, and to the postponement of all questions not immediately pressing.

It seems, therefore, very desirable that we should from time to time fall back upon first principles, and look at our present position, not in the light of the transitory political exigencies of the moment, but in that of the broad facts and fixed landmarks of modern progress, as guiding us to a reasonable forecast of the future. It is proposed here to review a few of the fundamental conditions and manifest tendencies of our present position with the conclusions directly deducible from them.

The most important fact of the present situation, which should apparently largely guide us in shaping our general line of policy for a generation to come, is, that as things are now steadily tending, and barring extraordinary contingencies, in less than thirty years' time, that is not in some remote and intangible future, but well within the lifetime of the younger members of the present generation, there will be only two races left of any

real account in the world, two world-rulers of the future, namely, the Anglians or Anglo-Saxons and the Slavs. The natural and apparently inevitable progress of these two races seems bound to dwarf all the other races into comparative insignificance.

The British Empire comprises at present about eleven and a half millions of square miles of territory, or more than one-fifth of the total land surface of the globe. If the Polar regions be omitted, we claim about one quarter of the habitable land surface of the globe. The only power which can compare with us is Russia, with her eight million six hundred and sixty thousand square miles, or about another one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. Adding together the territories of the British Empire and United States, we arrive at a total for the English-speaking race of fifteen millions of square miles. If we again exclude the Polar regions as a Norman's land, then the Anglo-Saxon race owns about one-third of all the rest. In this, the lion's share of the world, is also comprised a very liberal corresponding proportion of the world's riches, including every element of potential power.

Turning next to the all-important question of population, and confining our view to a few leading races, the Anglian or English-speaking race with their subjects, if anything like the present rate of progress is to be maintained, will lead in less than thirty years' time with a probable population of between six hundred and seven hundred millions. Of these, about one hundred and eighty millions, if our estimates should prove near the mark, or allowing a very wide margin for possible error, say between one hundred and fifty and two hundred millions will be white or Anglo-American. Herein are included a large number of naturalized Germans, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Austrians, and other European races. These will probably have melted down with, and be nationally undistinguishable from, the English or American born citizens.

Next will come China with a probable population of some five hundred millions. China is undoubtedly the dark horse in the race, for, in spite of the disastrous result of her recent struggle with Japan, which of course has greatly discredited her for the time, she has many or most of the elements of possible future power. Still I may perhaps safely assume that very few people now imagine that she will be able to compete successfully with the great and growing might of Russia on the Asiatic continent, so we leave her out of the running as regards the first rank. We may also leave Japan out of the reckoning, as, whatever may be her progress in power and prestige on her own side of the globe, her far smaller population will, for a generation to come at least, place her out of the running for a leading place among the world rulers.

Thirdly, will follow Russia with a white population of between one hundred and fifty millions and two hundred millions, or approximately the same as that of the English-speaking races, and probably considerably larger than that of either the United States or the British Empire alone.

After these three powers, but at a considerable distance, will follow Germany, with a probable population of between sixty millions and seventy millions; and Austria-Hungary, or the possibly re-arranged or remodelled survivor or survivors of what is now Austria-Hungary with a considerable but smaller population. But it should be noted that, in case of a break-up of the Austrian Empire as now constituted, a Pan-Germanic movement among her present German subjects will probably assert itself. This will bring up the population of the enlarged Germany to eighty millions more or less, and Germany will then take a very decided lead among the powers of the second rank.

France will, to a practical certainty, be reduced to the level of a third-rate power, simply from this capital and well-established fact, that her people will not breed. In the absence of chil-

dren to take up and carry forward her banners she cannot possibly hold her own in competition with fertile and increasing races. The probable population of France about the year 1920 will be under forty millions, and unless the present continuous decline of the birth-rate can be arrested it will be very considerably under this figure.

To summarize this all-important question, we may say that, about the year 1920, or well within the prospect of life of the youngest members of our present House of Commons, the population of Germany is likely to be at least sixty per cent. higher than that of France, and may easily be double as high. The white population of Russia will probably be more than double that of Germany and may approximately equal that of the Anglian or English-speaking race. Hence it follows that, as above stated, the Anglian and Slav races are the great coming powers and seem destined to divide the empire of the world between them. The essential causes of this coming distribution of power are of course that the British Empire is expanding continually, and has an enormous area available for future increase of white population; while Russia, with a considerably less but still vast field for future expansion, has a surprisingly high birth-rate, giving her a net annual increase of population of well over two millions a year. None of the other European races have either the area available for a large corresponding expansion of population or a high birth-rate to fill it.

It will be observed that the Anglo-American powers have here been linked together as one. Some critics will thereupon object that we have no right to presuppose any working agreement or co-operation between us and the United States. This is a vast question which we cannot here stop to discuss. I can only state my conviction upon it, which is, that there is reasonable ground for doing so. If we take a broad view, we find that this is an age of race aggregation and racial unification. The unity of Germany and of

Italy, which only forty years ago all or most of the politicians in Europe would have scoffed at as an impracticable dream, has been happily accomplished before our eyes. These Teutonic and Latin races have worked out their unity, and why should the Anglo-Saxons alone hold back? We have only, I am persuaded, to deal with this question on the principle of *solvitur ambulando*, and hold quietly on our course for another generation, meanwhile cultivating the closest fellowship and agreement with our kinsmen in the States, so as to give fair play to the growing centripetal tendencies; and by and by the question will happily settle itself in the adoption of some form of working agreement and partnership between us, whether by definite Pan-Anglican federation or by some other arrangement giving practically the same result.

I ask the reader who has been good enough to follow me so far to note particularly that in case he should approve of my conclusions he is in no way committed to my calculations. If any critic will be good enough to investigate the matter for himself in the light of recent statistics, he will find that, however much his detailed calculations may differ from mine, he cannot substantially alter the above conclusions. The disparity between the various races in territory, birth-rate, and all the elements of future power and prosperity, is too great, and it is amply wide enough to cover any possible difference of opinion as to the precise figures.

Again, these estimates are confessedly based upon things as they are and are visibly likely to be in the future, to the exclusion of unforeseen contingencies such as the fortunes of war. But it should be noted that it seems extremely improbable, on a reasonable forecast, that any possible contingencies of war, revolution, etc., will make any very substantial difference in the general result. Thus, suppose the vast empire of Russia should be overturned by domestic convulsions, or by a successful invasion by Germany and

Austria, the government or the precise territorial limits of Russia may thereupon be remodelled. But there the one hundred and eighty million Slavs of the early future will still be, and there they will be likely to remain; and it is well-nigh incredible that any victorious invader should succeed in permanently subjugating or detaching any considerable fraction of them.

I submit, therefore, that reasonable politicians can only deal with things as they stand and are visibly likely to be in the early future. And on this platform we are shut up to the conclusion that the Anglian and Slav races are destined to divide the hegemony of all the other races and of the world between them.

What follows from this simple programme? Surely this, that it will be an untold curse to all mankind and to ourselves that the two should quarrel and fight, and an untold blessing that we should agree. Why not divide the primacy of the world amicably between us? Why not come to a full, frank, and friendly understanding and agreement with Russia on all outstanding questions between us, and consistently maintain this attitude henceforward as a cardinal point in our foreign policy?

"But," it will probably be at once objected, "this friendly attitude towards Russia may be all very well in theory, but where is it to stop in practice? Are we to stand quietly by while Russia, say after a successful career of Pan-Slavic propagandism among the Slavonic populations in the Balkan Peninsula, proceeds to swallow up the Austrian Slavs and disintegrate their empire? This would sound the death-knell of European liberties as far as the Continent is concerned. Or are we to allow Russia to swallow up Turkey or Persia, or a great part of China, or to wage a successful war with Japan, and strip her of some of her commanding and important possessions in the Pacific, without coming to the rescue?"

Undoubtedly these are large questions which our statesmen may have to

face in the future. My judgment upon these is of very small value. Still, perhaps, I may venture to briefly summarize it for what it may be worth. I think that so long as Russia, as an Asiatic or semi-Asiatic power, confines her expansion to the mainland of Asia, while, of course, respecting India, so long it is no business of ours to lift a finger or fire a shot to stop her. This surely should amply suffice, as affording her a practically unlimited field on the vast continent of Asia. But should she peradventure set herself to break the peace westwards by an aggressive policy on the side of the Balkan Peninsula, of Roumania, or of Austria, we should be justified in supporting Austria and Germany against her—that is, in aiding the struggle of the more liberal, enlightened, and progressive Western powers against her more backward and reactionary despotism. Similarly for Japan: supposing we should be, as we ought to be, in friendly alliance with her as a great Eastern maritime power of an enlightened and progressive type, and our natural ally in the Pacific, we should be justified in aiding her to maintain her independence as against any Russian aggression. These views, whatever their precise merits, have at all events this advantage, that their adoption would commit us to a very simple and definite platform. Russia would then know exactly where she stands, and it is very unlikely that she would set herself to strain the limits of our supposed friendship with her to the breaking point.

Among all our possible foreign rivals, Russia, as we have seen, is at one end of the scale as regards growing numbers and potential future power, and France at the other. France has reached the maximum of her population, and seems bound to decline continuously henceforward in relative power and influence, since all the other races will be advancing while her position is stationary or retrograde. Nevertheless, we must reckon with this patent fact, that the after-glow of Napoleon's victories and the long French domination in Europe still blind

the eyes of every Frenchman. France is prepared for desperate struggles before she will consent to take a back seat among the European powers. We need not here recall any well-known differences and possible occasions of conflict between us. Our policy should apparently be to walk warily and wisely in our relations with her, to treat her with all possible courtesy and consideration, so as to avoid all reasonable ground of offence, but to stand firmly by our own when necessary. For experience has shown, as in the case of the Newfoundland shores and fisheries, that the more we yield for the sake of amity, the more France will require. Meanwhile we should secure ourselves for the present and the immediate future by an overwhelming fleet, as the only effective answer to the immense fleet, viewing her relative maritime position and requirements, which France thinks it necessary to maintain. We can console ourselves under this necessity—hard for a peace-loving power like Britain—with the reflection that this burden is only for to-day. For the British Empire is gaining fast on France in an accelerating ratio with every successive decade in population, wealth, resources, and every element of power; so that almost before our newest vessels have time to grow old, the necessity for replacing them will be passing away.

II.

Another cardinal fact in foreign policy upon which it is to be hoped we are all at length in agreement, is that Turkey is doomed. The Armenian atrocities have only once more exposed her hopeless and incurable misgovernment. Not another drop of British blood nor a sovereign of British gold should, under any circumstances, be spent to save her from the inevitable and righteous consequences of her own misrule. Our policy must be to favor the development, the just claims, and the ultimate independence of the more rising and hopeful nationalities in Turkey herself. Armenia and Turkish Macedonia should follow in the wake of

Bulgaria and Servia, or of Bosnia and Herzegovina. That is, a large and effective measure of Christian or semi-Christian Home Rule should be carried out in Armenia as now proposed, and Macedonia should be assigned to the nearest Christian powers, with due regard to the claims of the nationalities involved.

III.

Turning next to the East, the most important fact of the present situation is that it is practically certain that we shall have to face, in the near future, a very serious or even a ruinous commercial competition. The Japanese are already building their own war vessels of a large size. In five years' time they confidently hope to underbid Great Britain and all the world in the construction of steam vessels, and a most competent authority, Dr. Elgar, who has examined the question during a prolonged stay in Japan, seems to think that their expectations are well founded. They are most capable and expert in every kind of manufacture and mechanics, and it is certain that they will compete with us in many other trades besides ship-building.

Meanwhile, the rapid growth of manufactures in our dependency of India is giving cause for grave anxiety, to our commercial and manufacturing firms. Germany, the United States, Belgium, Italy, are all beginning to compete with us more or less seriously in some of our own pet markets, and there is every prospect of a growing competition in future. The gravest matter of all is the possible or probable result of the awakening of China. Her frugal and handy mechanics are content to toil thirteen or fourteen hours a day on a very small fraction of the wages which our well-fed artisans are striking against as too low for eight hours a day. China has coal, iron, silk, cotton, and other raw materials in unlimited quantities, whether present or potential. When Chinese manufactures are fairly started on Chinese soil, with well-trained Japanese, En-

glish, or American overseers and leading hands, how can we possibly pretend to hold our own in commercial competition with them?

In fine, the general outlook for the future is very threatening for Great Britain, whose prosperity is so largely based upon and bound up with manufacturing supremacy and commercial success. We seem likely to be underbid by Eastern competition, first in all the Eastern markets, and then, in the natural and inevitable course of things, in all the world's markets. Concurrently with this we have to face a growing competition from the nations of Europe and from the United States. If so, the whole vast fabric of our commercial greatness which we have laboriously built up may gradually be undermined, and may even by and by be swept away. This would involve a fundamental remodelling and reconstruction of our whole social and economical organization. Emigration on a vast scale would probably be inevitable, and the centre of gravity of the British Empire, which is even now moving steadily seawards, would tend to leave Great Britain proper more and more.

It may perhaps be objected that the foregoing arguments are mutually destructive—that we cannot, for instance, gain steadily on France when our commercial prosperity is being undermined or overthrown, and a great tide of emigration is pouring from our shores. Not so, I think, on a broad view. Doubtless we shall experience grave troubles for a time during the transition stage. But what England loses her colonies will gain, and the future federation of the empire, which will be forced on by the necessary readjustment, will knit us more firmly together. Only we, as the lords of a quarter of the habitable globe, must not, in considering the question, narrow our view down to the paltry item of 128,481 square miles represented by the British Isles. We must lay aside, once and for all, all narrow provincial ideas, and realize that we are citizens of a great world-wide empire.

The only item in the above programme of future untoward contingencies wherein our statesmen at present would appear to have any voice or any *locus standi* for action is the question of the awakening of China. We should apparently do nothing to favor it, although we cannot reasonably interfere to prevent it. If the Japs endeavor, as per treaty, to open up new Chinese ports and to start manufactures there, they will have to face a vast amount of obstruction and difficulty from influential and conservative Chinese officials. We should not, as I think, do anything to help them. The awakening of China, if it does come, will probably be a slow process. We should not hurry it; but as fast as a new commercial pied à terre is opened up by the Japanese, or by any other power, our merchants should cut in betimes to secure their share in its advantages. By this course we shall gain commercially for some considerable time to come, and postpone the evil day, if it does come, when Chinese merchants and manufacturers in their turn will come into disastrous competition with us in their own and all other markets. At the same time, we should lose no opportunity of opening up fresh markets for our manufacturers and new fields for our growing population, as by the early construction of the railway to Uganda. A settled course of trade is not easily diverted, and by establishing ourselves in a strong position in as many and varied fields as possible, we shall retard, at least, and minimize the evils resulting from the gradual destruction of our commercial supremacy.

IV.

Turning to our great Colonial Empire, the cardinal fact is that in thirty years' time the white population outside the British Isles will be not less than thirty millions, or a good three-quarters of the whole population of the British Isles at present. Should the decline of our commercial prosperity lead meanwhile, as suggested above, to a much larger

emigration from Great Britain to her Colonies, it is probable that the white populations of Great and Greater Britain will be about equal. In any case, trade with the Colonies will have greatly increased, and will be likely to represent a far larger fraction of our total trade than it does at present. Then will come the time for that commercial union, or "Zollverein," which would involve too great losses to the British consumer to be practicable at present. Moreover, the empire will then be far more self-contained, whether as regards food products, raw materials, or manufactures, than it is now. Our present policy is to favor and foster this development, and to knit the empire closer together by all such links as ocean penny post, direct submarine telegraphic communication, liberal subsidies to improved and faster lines of steamships, a regular series of Pan-Britannic athletic competitions or Olympic games, etc., and to get rid of by degrees, and keep our hands free from, all entangling commercial treaties with foreign powers, which might stand in the way of a Zollverein, by and by. Also we should by all means favor the entry of the United States into this commercial union. Thereby the whole English-speaking race will be drawn closer together, and the way paved for a great Pan-Anglian or Pan-Anglo-Saxon Confederation to supersede or replace a Pan-Britannic federation for defence, which should be the first step.

V.

Again, the coming importance of the Pacific and practical certainty of a new entrance into it by the Nicaragua Canal are cardinal facts of the present situation. The steady growth of our colonies in Australia and New Zealand, the sudden rise to power and prestige of Japan, the probable future awakening of China, the construction of the trans-Asian railway by Russia, and her coming acquisition of an ice-free port to supersede Vladivostock, the recent opening of lines of first-class steamers from Canada to Japan, and from

Canada to Australia and New Zealand, are all important factors in the question. The effect of the Nicaragua Canal will be to restore the balance of commercial advantage as regards geographical position in favor of Britain, by providing an effective counterpoise westwards to the inevitable and unfavorable eastward shifting of the centre of gravity of the world's trade due to the Suez Canal. Thereby Great Britain will be placed once more at the centre. But in order to take due advantage of this favorable condition it is necessary that we should set ourselves betimes to secure suitable maritime bases and coaling stations in the Pacific for our fleets and commercial marine, in addition to Vancouver, which we are now most properly engaged in fortifying and preparing for the purpose.

VI.

I have said that the Anglian race is marked out for a leading place among the world-rulers of the future; but it by no means necessarily follows that Great Britain will retain her present position at the head of a world-wide empire, and still less that she will command that primacy among the various fractions of the race which would seem to belong to her of right as the parent of them all. The answer to these great questions will depend mainly and primarily, as I think, on our practical recognition of two more fundamental facts of our present position. These at first sight are very distinct, but on closer examination will be found to be very closely related. They are:—

(a) The precarious and uncertain condition of our prosperity at present, as depending mainly on maritime supremacy and commercial success, and involving the retention and consolidation of a vast and loosely knit empire, in the face of strong rival powers whose interests and aspirations are opposed to ours in every direction.

(b) In the game of international politics all players situated as we are must "play or pay."

(a) John Bull is somewhat supine, easy-going, and careless. He does not in the least realize what offence he gives his neighbors by treading on their corns continually in every direction. For a very long time past the Continental powers have been too much absorbed in their own internal and inter-Continental affairs to find time to turn their attention seriously to Colonial expansion. This era has passed away, and a new era been fairly inaugurated, in which they are seeking, and likely to seek still more in the future, to open up new fields for their commerce and new territories for their surplus population. And they find that Britain meanwhile has quietly established herself in the leading and most promising fields throughout the globe. Almost everywhere on the Continent the feeling is, and is bound to be increasingly in the future, "The British Empire stops the way." This idea was well summed up in that notable utterance in the Cortez by the great Spanish orator: "England is that great basket into which the nations of the world are gathered one by one." The peril of the situation to Britain is further increased greatly by the fact, which is patent to every far-sighted Continental statesman, that if the great Continental powers wait and postpone any attempt to clip the soaring wings of the British Empire, it will presently be too late. If we can only hold on our course for another generation, till our rising great colonies are strong enough to render us an effective support, and consolidate our empire meanwhile, we shall be too strong to be attacked with any prospect of success. One substantial set-off on our side to these ominous considerations I must freely admit that we possess in our free-trade policy. This makes it to the interest of any power which cannot see its way to occupy or colonize any given unoccupied piece of territory anywhere in the world, that Great Britain should do so forthwith. For all the Continental nations know perfectly well that all our ports will be free to their ships and merchants as to our own, whereas if any one of them

were in occupation, the rest would be likely to be shut out by all manner of exclusive tariffs and vexatious restrictions to commerce. Still, after allowing for this favorable consideration, it remains, I fear, true, that there is a vast amount of smouldering resentment on the Continent at the continual forward march of Britain as stopping the way everywhere to the remaining powers.

We are now, therefore, entering, as it seems, upon the most critical and anxious era of our chequered history. The key-note of that era, the great problem which awaits solution in it, one way or the other, is this:—

Having stolen a march upon the Continental races, and hoisted our flag over a quarter of the habitable globe, including vast areas of its most eligible regions upon which at present we have no very strong grasp, can we manage to keep them, to consolidate our power in them, and successfully exploit their vast potential elements of future power? The more we reflect upon it, the more we shall find that this issue is by no means a foregone conclusion, as most people seem to assume. It is a difficult and anxious problem, seeing that there are other strong powers in the world just as ambitious, and more ambitious than we are, whose path we are crossing continually.

(b) In this situation, what is and has been for some considerable time past our line of policy? To keep our hands free of course from all entangling alliances; to let the Triple Alliance take its chance and collapse, if it may, for want of our support; and, as the last item, to set the three strongest powers on the Continent against us, more or less, by refusing to join them in their Japanese policy. Now, I am not arguing that we have been either wrong or right in this policy—that is a very large question, with which I do not propose to meddle. My present point is simply, that, given this policy, we must face its natural and inevitable consequences. Those consequences have been more than once aptly summed up for us by Mr. Frederick Greenwood in

the phrase, "We must play or pay." I do not agree with Mr. Greenwood in some of his well-known views, but here his main position is unimpeachable, although I should interpret his phrase perhaps a little differently. The game of international politics is like one of those well-known games of cards in which any player who elects to throw up his cards and not play out any given hand must forfeit any stakes which he may then have down on the table or in the pool. Now such a player as the United States can constantly afford to withdraw from the game and leave the other players to play it out, because she has continually little or nothing at stake.

But Great Britain cannot. Our interests are so widespread and multifarious that very few international questions can arise in which we are not concerned. Nevertheless, we must play or pay. If we form no alliances, we must be prepared to see our interests continually sacrificed to the policy of allied powers or to bear the brunt of opposing them. Sooner or later, as things are now steadily tending, we shall have to face a powerful Continental coalition *alone*. If, therefore, we are not prepared to form strong alliances with leading powers, the only reasonable and possible alternative is to be strong enough to hold our own against a coalition. This means practically that, instead of being satisfied with such a low standard as that our fleet should be as strong as the combined fleets of the two next strongest naval powers, we require that it should be strong enough to hold its own decisively and secure our food supply against the combined efforts of any three powers. This might probably raise our navy estimates from their present high figure to say twenty-four or twenty-five millions a year, in addition to the early expenditure of a large capital sum. If the country is prepared to pay this price, well and good; we can maintain our present independent attitude. If not, we should apparently, as the only alternative, seek a strong alliance, preferably

with Russia as the great coming power, and submit to all the inevitable and admitted drawbacks inherent in alliances. The independent attitude has many advantages, no doubt, but it will be extremely perilous without the overwhelming naval strength. Failing this, we shall very probably see the British Empire broken up before long, as the after-consequence of a disastrous war which will show our colonies that, while committing them by the imperial connection to all hazards of war, we are not strong enough to protect them. The hegemony of the scattered fractions of our race will then fall naturally and almost inevitably to the United States, and Great Britain proper will be reduced to the level of a third-rate power. But should we, to avoid such contingencies, make up our minds to the necessary financial sacrifices for our fleet, I repeat that the burden will be only for one generation. With every succeeding decade we shall be very sensibly stronger relatively to all other powers, and as we grow richer the financial burden will be lightened. Within the lifetime of our present children we shall be too strong to be attacked by anybody with any reasonable prospect of success, and we can then content ourselves with a more moderate naval predominance.

From The Leisure Hour.
EVERYBODY'S CHANCE.

BY JOHN HABBERTON, AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THEY HEARD OF IT.

Brundy was the deadest town in the United States; so all the residents of Brundy said. It had not even a railway station, although several other villages in the county had two each. It was natural, therefore, that manufacturers' capital avoided Brundy. There was a large woollen mill at Yarn City, eight miles to the westward, and Yarn City was growing so fast that some of the farmers on the outskirts of the town were selling off their estates

in building lots at prices which justified the sellers in going to the city to end their days. At Magic Falls, five miles to the northward, there was water power, and a hard wood forest, which between them made business for several manufacturers of wooden ware, as well as markets, with good prices, for all farmers of the vicinity.

But Brundy had only land and people. The latter, according to themselves, were as good as the people anywhere, but the soil was so poor that no one could get a living out of it without very hard work. There was no chance, of any kind, for any of the natives. Young men were afraid to marry, and young women were afraid to marry them; for what girl wanted to go through the routine of drudgery, in which she had pitied her own mother, and what lover wanted to ask his sweetheart to descend from the position of assistant at her old home to slave of all work in a new one?

The lack of a chance for any one had made itself manifest at Brundy many years before the date at which this story opens, so many of the natives had gone elsewhere to better their condition. The great majority of them had not been heard from afterward, so Brundy did not doubt that they had become too prosperous to think of their simple old friends and neighbors. Some, however, who had gone to great cities and the great West, had returned to the place of their birth to end their days, and they were so reserved as to how they had made their money, and how much they had made, that Brundy agreed that there were some great secrets of wealth to be discovered in the outside world, could the inhabitants of Brundy ever get away and search for it.

For instance, there was old Pruffett; he had gone to Chicago when barely twenty-one, remained there forty years, and been so busy all the while that he declared that he never had found time to look about him for a wife. He had made money, too; no one knew how much, and Pruffett never would tell, but as he paid cash for

whatever he bought in the village and never haggled about prices, it seemed evident that he was very well off, for Squire Thomas, the richest native who had always remained at home, would never buy even a pound of butter until a penny or two of the price had been abated.

Sad though it be to relate, there were pretty and good young women in Brundy who would gladly have married old Pruffett for his money, and loving mothers who would have advised and helped them in that direction had old Pruffett given them any encouragement, but what could any one do with a millionaire—so they called him—who was satisfied to do his own work and do his own cooking in the cottage in which he was born, and which he had kept for years, just as his mother left it when she died and he had been too busy to hurry home to receive her dying blessing?

There was nothing mean about Pruffett; he contributed liberally to all church subscriptions, and when any neighbor chanced to fall into trouble the old man was the first to offer counsel and substantial aid; still, why did he not be whole-souled and tell younger men how and where to find their chance in life—the chance which Brundy persistently denied every one?

One morning the entire village was thrown into a fever of excitement and sarcasm by the appearance of the following notice, which was posted on the bulletin-board in front of the Town Hall and on trees in the several streets:—

EVERYBODY HAS A CHANCE.

A Lecture on the above subject will be given at the Town Hall next Friday night. The lecturer has nothing to sell, nor any medicines or other goods to recommend, nor anything to advertise. It is to be a square talk by a square man, who can prove what he says. No charge for admission; people who like the lecture may, if they desire,

drop some small change into a box which will be at the door.

"Everybody has a chance, eh?" said the natives to one another. "That man doesn't know what sort of town he's coming to. If he is depending upon the collection at the door to help him to the next town he'll have to walk."

The more the lecturer's subject was discussed the more ridiculous it appeared, and as most people rather enjoy the spectacle of a man making a fool of himself the Town Hall was absolutely jammed on Friday night, half an hour before the usual time for the appearance on the platform of such strolling entertainers as did not know of the impecuniosity of the natives.

When the town clock struck eight the audience saw coming from the ante-room to the platform a middle-aged man with the garb and the eye of a well-to-do mechanic and the manner of a preacher, although he soon manifested an un-preacher like disregard for grammatical rules. The lecture, too, although humorous enough at times to set every one laughing, was somewhat like a sermon in its general character.

"People talk about not havin' a chance," began the lecturer. "Why, if chances were eggs, none of you could move without steppin' on 'em. When a man says he hasn't got his chance in life he's talking about the particular chance he wants—that's all. What we want most isn't always what we need most, my friends, though few of us are honest enough and smart enough to see it an' say so.

"I'd bet a dollar to a doughnut that the chance—an' the only one—that every man in this room is simply achin' for, so that he won't look at any other, is the chance to make a lot of money. Did he ever see anybody that had made a lot of money? Did the rich man look any happier than other folks? If not, why not? Can any of you tell the difference between the rich and the poor by their faces? I can't, except that generally the richest man looks most anxious an' most discontented."

By this time every one in the house

was looking at old Pruffett, who was looking at the back of the seat in front of him, although the expression of his countenance did not imply that there was anything particularly cheerful and inspiring in the back of that seat. The lecturer continued:—

"An old book which all of you have in the house, and which some of you profess to believe with all your might, says that 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;' you can read the passage for yourselves, and correct me if I am wrong. That same old book tells of chances that came to lots of people that hadn't a cent, either before or after. There are just as good chances now, and Brundy's as full of 'em as any other place, an' the people that don't get 'em are the people who won't see 'em, though if the chances were bears they'd bite 'em, they're so close. A man's best chance is whatever is closest to him; if it isn't also closest to his heart, that's the man's fault—not the chance's."

The lecturer went on in the same vein, and told of some of his own chances which he had missed, as well as of some in which he had, to use his own expression, "caught on;" and he told some stories of personal experience so well that he made a lot of people cry a little, and laugh much, and not a few were compelled to do some serious thinking.

When the talk ended there was quite a melodious jingling of coin in the box at the door; and several members of the audience who were nearest to old Pruffett told their neighbors for a week afterward that the old man actually dropped into the box a ten dollar bill, forty times as much as would have paid the lecturer's stage-fare to the next town.

"Got any small change about your clothes, Champ?" asked Charley Wurring, a smiling youth, of Champney Bruff, a serious-looking man of about thirty years, who was exploring his vest-pocket. Charley had abundant reason for smiling, for by his side,

where she had been throughout the lecture, was Luce Grew, the handsomest girl in the village. "I didn't bring any money, for I came only to laugh, but I found my chance during the lecture, and here she is, eh, Luce?"

Luce looked rather bashfully toward Champ with her great dark eyes and strong face, and then, for relief, smiled pleasantly at Charley. Champ flushed a little under his dark brown skin, but mechanically extended a coin toward Charley, who took it and dropped it into the box. Then he took Luce's hand, placed it on his arm, whispered something to the girl which elicited a smile which Champ regarded fixedly, although the longer he looked the whiter and more fixed it became. Suddenly it appeared to him that old Pruffett was regarding him intently, and as he did not care to be looked at closely at that particular moment he abruptly left the hall and started homeward.

So Charley Wurring and Luce Grew had come to an understanding.

And Luce Grew was the one woman of Brundy whom Champney Bruff had ever thought he could love. Could love? Had he not loved her for years? He had not dared tell her so, for how could he? He was the oldest member of his father's family; his mother was dead, his father unfit for work; and the farm was one which required steady work and rigid economy if it was to support all of Champ's brothers and sisters. The farm would be better if he could clear and drain about twelve acres of marshy woodland that belonged to it, and to clear that land had been his special effort for two or three years; but after the usual farm routine had been gone through with, even in winter, he could find time to chop down only two or three trees a day, and after all the trees were gone there would still be the stumps, and after the stumps the ditching. When all this had been done, he would propose to Luce Grew, but now, evidently his chance or his duty, which to the lecturer had seemed to mean the same thing, was the finishing

of that clearing—while Luce Grew loved another man and would marry him.

He heard footsteps behind him, and in a moment old Pruffett joined him with:—

“Not a bad lecture, Champ?”

“Not for those who found their chances while the lecture was going on,” was the reply, in words that sounded as if each had been savagely bitten off. There was a moment of silence before the old man said:—

“I guess I know what you mean. I’m very sorry, too—for you. Yet Luce herself seemed to be happy; I suppose that’s what you’ve longed to see her? You’d have done anything to make her happy—eh?”

“Yes; anything in my power.”

“Good. Now’s your chance.”

“What on earth do you mean, Mr. Pruffett?”

“Merely what I say. If you loved her, not yourself, or loved her more than you loved yourself, you can do a great deal to make her happy; far more than Charley Wurring can.”

“I wish I knew what you were trying to say, Mr. Pruffett.”

“Do you? Then I’ll try to make myself understood. Charley is a well-meaning fellow, but nowhere near enough of a man to marry a girl like that. Splendid girls sometimes accept a husband of that kind after waiting a long time in vain for a better one; the range of choice in this town is rather small, you know. Charley’s much the best of his family; indeed, he hasn’t any bad habits of his own, and he has learned to hate all that he might have inherited, but you know his fix; a father who has drunk himself into incapacity for anything, and a mother who is utterly discouraged and bad-tempered. Luce will have many occasions for feeling sorry for her choice; and Charley will often have to feel desperate, for what chance can he see, at present, of marrying and supporting a wife?”

“Well!” exclaimed Champ savagely.

“Well, you know what the lecturer said about chances? Yours is right at

hand—right now. Why don’t you put Charley into that wooded marshland of yours, to clear it? Give him the wood in payment; you’d not lose a cent by that. Get his father to help him; the weakest man has enough romance in him to want to help his son to a good wife. Work is the best cure for drunkenness, and the fellow daren’t and can’t drink while his son is with him all the while. By doing this you would be improving a chance to greatly benefit three people; such a chance seldom comes to any one.”

“And I would also help another man to marry the woman whom—”

“Whom you love? Well, for what do you love her? For her sake, or for your own?”

Champ remained silent; the old man went on:—

“You don’t seem to know. It’s well, then, that you didn’t chance to marry her.”

“Mr. Pruffett,” exclaimed Champ—he almost roared it—“do you know what you are saying? Are you human? Are you a man, like other men?”

“I am, my boy,” replied the old man calmly. “I don’t mind telling you, in strict confidence, that I loved Luce’s mother—God bless her—forty years ago. I never loved any other woman—I tried to, but I couldn’t. I had an awful fight with myself, after Grew won her, and I got the worst of it, for I was obliged, as an honest man, to admit to myself that I loved myself more than I loved her. To reform myself, I determined to go on loving her, but for her sake only, and the way I did it was to do just as I am advising you. I hadn’t any marshland to clear, and there was nothing in Grew’s family history for the young man to be ashamed of, but I put him into the one good chance which I had here, and I went away to shift for myself. I don’t deny that I hoped that something would happen to break their engagement, but there didn’t. I wish Luce were my daughter, for there’s no one I would rather see her marry than you, but there are some things which one can’t change—some chances which a

man loses. Your chance is just as I'm putting it; I'm advising only what I did myself, and what I never had cause to regret. I know, though, it isn't the sort of thing to press on a young man too hard, and I'm sure that, while you're in your present frame of mind, you don't care to listen to any more of this kind of talk, so—good-night."

"Good-night," was the response, as sharp as the crack of a rifle.

"Shake hands with me, won't you, Champ?" said the old man softly. "No one else knows so well how to sympathize with you. Don't forget that I loved her mother—and lost her."

They shook hands as they parted, but Champ's head was in a whirl, and his heart was thumping angrily. What? Help the man who had just taken from him the prize toward which he had been struggling for years? Pruffett had probably told the truth, but—well, men were not all of the same clay. Love Luce for her own sake? Why, what else had he thought of but what he would do to make Luce happy? Had not his delay been entirely because of his doubts and fears for her? What was most in his mind whenever he thought of her—himself? Never! He thought only of her—her great, deep eyes, her noble face, her womanly composure, her strength of character—everything that was best in womanhood, so far as he knew women. He was sure that through his very admiration of all that was best in her, he knew best how to make her happy, while Charley, a mere good-natured happy-go-lucky fellow, who had seemed to be in love with half-a-dozen other girls for no especial reason, would be utterly unable to comprehend the needs of so superior a nature.

Yet there was some truth in what old Pruffett had said about the ways in which Charley could be helped to become a more fit husband. If some one else could help him, well and good, but as to Champ—He struggled hard with himself a few moments; then he suddenly stopped, bared his head, looked upward, and exclaimed:—

"Heaven help me, I'll do it—for her

sake! 'Tis my chance—but what a chance."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY.

Luce Grew told herself, after Charley had reluctantly gone home and she found herself alone with her thoughts, that she wondered how she had come to say "Yes" to the very pointed question which Charley Wurring had put to her during a certain portion of the lecture. Charley had one of the sympathetic natures which are rare among men, or, perhaps, less rare than the willingness of their owners to manifest them, so Luce had always liked him. He was quick to see the application of an argument, or the inner and better sense of almost anything that might be said, so Luce had never failed to find him good company, although she regarded him very much as if he were a boy, although he was fully as old as she. She had been deeply interested in the lecture, and her better self approved all that the speaker said; so it pleased her greatly that when she looked at Charley for sympathy his face was frank and open, and he seemed to be of exactly her own way of thinking; while most of the young men about him were looking grim, or were sneering, or exchanging satirical winks with other young men.

So, when the lecturer told the hearers that their chances were all about them—nay, right at their side, waiting only to be accepted, Charley had whispered:—

"Luce, don't you think you could make a personal application of that remark? I am right at your side; won't you accept me. I won't ask any other or grander chance than you while I live."

She felt like laughing at the boy, but he looked so earnest, so manly, yet at the same time so appealing, that she did what many another woman has done in similar circumstances—she began to wonder. Life was long; Brundy was a small place; there were other young men in the village, but very, very few whom she could by any

possibility marry. She did not like the possibility of remaining single all her life; Charley was not the kind of man upon whom she had set her fancy, but young men were disappointing creatures; she never had been in love with one, but girls of her acquaintance had made dreadful mistakes in marrying men whom Luce herself had thought quite good. Charley was good—she never had heard a word against him; he was very attentive to his mother and kind to his sisters. He had nothing upon which to marry, but engagements generally were long in Brundy; perhaps if she were to accept him it might be the means of making him everything he now failed to be.

"Does it take you so long to make up your mind?" whispered Charley. "I know I'm not worthy of you, but, on the other hand, neither is any one else, I'll be anything you wish, if you'll think me good enough to begin with."

She looked down into his eyes; they were very honest eyes, and at that particular instant they were very earnest. Luce blushed slightly and dropped her own eyes; Charley's hand sought hers, pressed it, and received a gentle pressure in return; then he whispered:—

"Thank you. God bless you."

On the way home she talked to him kindly, but not enthusiastically; she told him that his proposal had been a great surprise, and perhaps she had accepted it too hastily, for she really had never thought of loving him; but Charley was so grateful, and so willing to wait, and so astonished at his own temerity, and so overwhelmed by his new joy, that she could not help being deeply affected, so she made but a single condition: the affair must be a secret between them until both of them were certain that they were not mistaken. Charley promised willingly, for he was concerned, for Luce's sake, about what people would say should they know of what had occurred. Marriage was a serious matter in Brundy, from the dollar-and-cents point of view; and he knew that every one in

the village knew that he had neither money nor prospects, and that his only employment, thus far, had been several months of school teaching, during the winter months, and such occasional work as he could find in the village and among the farmers during the summer. He well knew, too, what people would say about a woman like Luce entering a family, such as the Wurring family had become, through the habits of the head of the house.

The next morning, therefore, Charley made haste to find Champ, the only man to whom he had betrayed his feelings, and beg that young man to keep the matter a profound secret.

He found Champ in the marshland forest, working as if he were determined to fell all the trees in a single day. Champ rested upon his axe and kept his eyes on the ground while the communication was being made; then, without raising his eyes, he said:—

"What have you to marry on?"

"Not a cent," was the reply, "though here's the half dollar you lent me last night."

"Keep that to start your fortune with," said Champ. "There's money here for you if you choose to work for it."

"Here? Where? How?"

"By cutting away these trees. If you'll do it, and keep at the job until it is done, you may have all of the wood. Good firewood brings three dollars a cord in town during the winter months, which aren't far off, and the supply is none too great. There's at least a couple of hundred dollars' worth here, and I want it out of the way, but I've not the time to do it myself."

"'Tis mine, then!" exclaimed Charley joyously. "I'll go home at once for my axe."

"You needn't take that trouble," said Champ, anxious to get away from the spectacle of a man so happy, and from such a cause. "You may use mine for the remainder of the day. When you come back after dinner, perhaps you can persuade your father to help you; I'm sure he would do it if he knew the

reason. Two pairs of hands are better than one at such a job, for 'twill be no easy one, I assure you."

"Thank you," said Charley. "I'll be glad to have my father with me, for reasons which I needn't explain to you. But Champ, I feel as if I could do the whole job myself, in a very short time. Oh, I feel like a giant."

"Indeed?" was the reply, given almost with a sneer.

"Yes, indeed. Oh, you may look that way if you like, but you don't understand the feeling. Just wait, though, until you are fairly in love yourself, an'—"

"Oh, don't talk to me in that way," exclaimed Champ, biting his lips and turning aside; he felt that if he did not quickly get away he would fly at the fellow and strangle him.

"But I must talk so," persisted Charley, "and you are the only man to whom I can do it, for no one else knows of my great fortune but you. To think that I am the only man in the village who is so richly blessed. There's no other girl in Brundy who can compare with Luce; honestly now, old fellow, is there?"

Champ took his knife from his pocket and began to shave the rough bark from the coat of a slippery elm-tree.

"I do believe you think there is," said Charley, looking curiously at his companion, "and that you're in love with her. Oh, you slychap! You always were the quietest young man in the town, and have seldom paid attention to any of the girls, but I do believe I have found you out. Who is she? I won't tell anybody. I'd like to know that some other man is as happy as I. Has she said 'Yes'?"

"Will you kindly attend to your own business and leave mine to me?" asked Champ, suddenly turning on Charley a face like a thunder-cloud. The younger man exclaimed quickly:—

"I beg a thousand pardons, Champ. I didn't mean to be impertinent. You never saw anything like that in me, did you?"

"Not until a few moments ago," was

the reply. "But I don't want ever to see it again."

"You shan't, I assure you," said Charley in haste, as he began to tone down his excitement by attacking the largest tree near at hand. He worked vigorously several moments, but finally stopped to say:—

"Let me talk of Luce, though. She is so grand, so good, so unlike all other girls. I've thought myself in love before, but I soon found out 'twas all fancy." Charley leaned on his axe and looked contemplatively at the ground a moment or two before he continued: "Other girls seemed to like me to make love to them, but it soon became an old story to both of us, for they seemed to have nothing in their minds but what was trifling and merely romantic, but Luce—why there's something in the very tone of her voice that makes her seem different from every other young woman, and better. She's—she's—oh, she's thoroughly womanly, while the others are merely girlish. Don't you think that is the proper distinction, so far as you have observed her and other Brundy girls?"

As Charley asked this question he raised his eyes for the answer, but Champ was no longer standing before him. Charley looked slowly about him, but could see Champ nowhere; then he quickly peered between the trees, in every direction, and finally saw Champ, some distance away, walking rapidly and with his fingers to his ears.

"I declare," exclaimed the young man to himself, yet softly, as if he feared that even the trees had ears, "I believe I've been making a fool of myself. I didn't suppose, though, that a man generally so kind and sympathetic as Champ could have been quite so rude. Did I really say anything that was dreadfully silly?"

He thought a little while about it, and this naturally set him to thinking about Luce, and the subject was so interesting that he could not give any attention to anything else, so he leaned against a tree and indulged in delightful day-dreaming for he knew not how long. Neither could he afterwards

imagine how long he might have continued at his congenial occupation had he not been startled by a footfall, and, looking about him, seen Champ returning, with an axe in his hand. Champ at first looked sheepishly toward him and said:—

"I thought I could spare half a day to help you." When, however, the big fellow cast his eyes about and saw not a tree had been felled since he made his escape he glared savagely at Charley, and exclaimed:—

"You're a fine fellow to think of marrying, aren't you? You've not chopped a stroke since I left you. I had better have offered this wood to a better man, even if I had been obliged to look for one not in love. I suppose you would like me to do all the work for you, after giving you the trees—eh?"

Charley's face turned scarlet; he seized his axe and began to make chips fly rapidly. Champ also attacked a tree, and for a few moments no sound was heard but that of the axes upon the tree-trunks. Soon Charley wanted to stop, for he was unaccustomed to the work, and his hands had begun to blister, but after what Champ had said the young man was resolved to suffer anything rather than remain under the cruel imputation of being willing that Champ should earn the money on which the younger man should wed Luce Grew. Suddenly, however, to his great relief, Champ's tree fell, and the axeman stood aside for a moment.

"I covet your strength," exclaimed Charley; "and I'm going to have it, or something like it, if hard work will get it for me. A man who is to marry Luce Grew should have as much muscle as heart."

"Talk is cheap," responded Champ. After this there was nothing for Charley to do but attack his tree again. Soon, however, the blisters in his right hand began to break, and the pain was very like torture, so he laid down his axe and began to blow upon the palms of his hands. Champ approached him, took his hand roughly and looked at it. Then he looked inquiringly into Charley's face, and said:—

"You're more of a man than I thought you. You can't go on with such a hand. Wait a moment."

He went to a hollow tree, and drew from it a pair of old leather gloves and a small bottle of oil.

"Here; put some of this on your hands, and put these gloves on. Once in a while I'm afflicted in the same way, after I've been out of axe-practice a little while. Give the oil a few minutes in which to get in its work."

Champ returned to his tree, lopping off the boughs as if they were twigs, cutting them into four-foot lengths and tossing them aside; then he cut the trunk itself into four-foot lengths. Charley looked on in admiration, but while the giant looked about for another foeman worthy of his steel the younger man exclaimed:—

"What a magnificent specimen of manhood you are! It is a man like you whom Luce should marry. I suppose, however, she knows her own mind."

"Whether she does—or no—" said Champ, speaking between the strokes of his axe, "her mind is—the only one she—can go by—for the present." Then he stopped a moment and said, "Can't you possibly talk of something else? You ought to be thinking and talking about how much you will do in a day, and asking who is most likely to buy the wood and pay quickest, and where you can best put your money at interest as fast as you collect it. Talking about a girl never helped a man to marry her; 'tis work—nothing else—that makes a man worthy of the love he pretends to bear a woman."

"I guess you're right, Champ," sighed Charley, addressing himself once more to work, "but I wish I knew where you got so much sense. I won't ask you any more about it, as it seemed to worry you a few minutes ago but whoever the girl is that you're fond of, why, she's going to be the happiest woman alive."

"Umph, I hope so, but—I shan't believe it—until I—see it."

"Come, now, old fellow, you shouldn't distrust yourself in that stupid manner. Faint heart never won fair lady"

—keep that saying close in mind. Why, it was the most daring thing in the world—my proposing to Luce; I had everything against me, and I knew it; I took my chances, though, and you know what came to pass. If you would only see yourself as you are, and as everybody else sees you, and as the girl herself can't help seeing, and——”

“Will you be quiet?” exclaimed Champ, suddenly turning with a threatening face and with his axe still uplifted.

“No, I won't,” replied the younger man, with a calm but determined face. “You've done me a great favor this morning, and I want to do you one in return. You may think that I want to pry into your affairs, but I don't. I want to tell you, though, what the lecturer told all of us last night, that every man has his chance in life, that it is very close to him, and that only he is to blame if he won't see it. To be happily in love is the one thing you need to make you as happy as you are manly, and I'm sure that's saying a great deal. Instead of that you're belittling yourself. You're my friend; you've done more for me this morning than any other man ever did, and until I can do something equally good for you I want to ease my mind by giving you some good advice. You ought to do just what I have done, determining, as I did, that whatever else had to be done afterward I would do with all my might, or make a better man of myself while failing. Why don't you do it? Have you proposed yet?”

“No!”

“Doesn't the girl even know that you love her?”

“No. I don't see, at least, how she can know it.”

“That's bad—for her. 'Twould make life a very different thing for any woman in this dead-and-alive town to know that a man like you cared for her. Women in Brundy—young women—have a pretty dismal outlook. I'm not going again to ask you who she is, but I do wish I knew, for I'd take the responsibility of telling her; after that she'd wait forever, and be happy in

spite of anything, to know that there was such great good fortune in store for her.”

“You'd tell her, would you?” snarled Champ. “I've a great mind to let you, just to see what a flunk you would make of it you——”

“I dare you to do it,” said Charley, meeting Champ's scowl without flinching. The older man glared furiously, and suddenly betook himself again to his axe, dashing at the tree as if it were his rival himself. But Charley's blood also was up, and he went on, shouting so that his words should not be drowned by the shower of axe-strokes.

“Yes, I dare you. I don't care a bit for your temper; you're a first-rate fellow in spite of it, and the woman who doesn't know that you love her shall know it at once if I can find out who she is.”

Champ faced about, dropped his axe, controlled his face, and said, with manly dignity:—

“She is Luce Grew.”

“Luce,” exclaimed Charley, staggering backward.

“Yes, Luce. Now do you know why you won't tell her? It is because I love her, and want her to be happy, that I've thrown this job into your hands this morning. She has accepted you; well, that is her own business and her own right, and no one else has the slightest use for complaining. But mark my words, young man. I never shall annoy her in any way, but I never shall cease to love her. On the other hand, if you fail to be to her everything that you've promised and everything that is in your power, you will have me to reckon with. She's one of your chances; this job of wood-chopping is another; if you don't take as industriously to this as you do to the other, don't ever speak to me again anywhere, in any circumstances, and be careful to keep out of my path. Good-morning.”

CHAPTER III.

“THEY SAY——”

Although Luce had enjoined secrecy upon Charley, and protested against

publicity being given by acts and manners any more than by words, she found Charley's society so pleasant that she had not the heart to forbid him to call frequently. She discouraged all attempts at effusive love-making; but she could not help being interested and cheered by the young man's enthusiasm, for the people of Brundy seldom found anything to be enthusiastic about, and as Luce was a great-hearted creature her lover's irrepressible spirits made good the lack of something which she often felt.

But how can any one keep a secret in a town where the people have only other people's affairs to occupy their leisure moments? Within a week everybody was telling everybody else that Charley Wurring had been three times—some said four—to the Grews' since the night of the lecture, and that it must mean something; as Luce was the only adult girl in the family, and there were no young men among her brothers, public opinion was not long in determining what the something was. Luce was not the kind of girl of whom girls in general ask leading questions, but it needs not direct statements to establish anything which a lot of gossips desire to believe, so that in less than another week all Brundy, despite Charley's evasions, regarded the couple as fully engaged, and discussed them accordingly at shops, the post-office, and wherever else men and women chanced to meet.

"It seems too bad," said one of the village pastors at a grocer's, where he chanced to meet old Pruffett. "I am not given to romance—my calling forbids it, through the stern realities which I am obliged to encounter in the experiences of my flock; but that girl has always seemed to me to be worthy of far greater opportunities than our village affords, yet now she seems to have given herself to a young man who shows as few signs of rising as any one whom I know, and who has much, for which he is not responsible, to keep him down. Two young people more utterly unlike in nature I have seldom met."

"Ah, well," replied Pruffett, "let us hope that it is according to the designs of Providence. If like were always to marry like, the world would soon be full of petrified cranks, Dominie."

"I suppose," said the minister cautiously, "that you are right, on general principles, but I confess that the present application distresses me."

"Every one owes something to the community in which he lives," continued Pruffett. "If there is anything in this story—which has no authority but common report—perhaps it accounts for the wonderful change that has come over the entire Wurring family. Charley is working as hard as any farmer in the county, and his father is working with him, and seems to be taking no liquor."

"Charley's mother looks happier than I have seen her for years," admitted the minister; "I noticed it from the pulpit only last Sunday, and it inspired me in both preaching and praying. All of her children were at church, too—an unusual occurrence."

"Wurring has picked up a good deal of manliness in some way," remarked the grocer. "I've had to refuse him credit very often of late years—I hated to do it, for he used to be a good customer of mine; still, a man can't conduct grocery business on by-gones if he expects to pay his own bills. The other day, though, when he bought a small bag of flour I told him he might as well take a barrel, and pay me out of the wood that he and Charley are clearing from that marsh for Champ and his father, but Wurring flushed up and said rather grandly that he couldn't do it, for the wood belonged entirely to Charley. It wasn't so long ago that he used to beg me for small credits, to be paid when Charley got his pay from the school board."

"Luce herself certainly looks happier than she used to," said the minister.

"Then I guess that everybody ought to be happy," said old Pruffett, although he doubted his own words as he thought of Champney Bruff and his dismal secret. He could not help recalling the days, that strung out

sadly into months and years, in which he himself had tried to live down his disappointment at losing Luce's mother.

As time went on, however, people began to whisper to one another that matters did not seem to be as they at first had been with Charley and Luce. The woodpiles multiplied rapidly on the Bruff marshland, and Charley himself grew more and more manly in appearance to those who saw him on his way to work in the morning or returning late at night. He went as often to the Grews', but Luce did not look as happy as usual when people chanced to see her. She certainly did not seem to have stopped liking Charley, for those church-goers who spent their time in looking at other people during service said that she had her eyes upon him almost all the while except during prayer-time. Veteran gossipers, experienced at cross-questioning in ways that would occasionally put the shrewdest and most self-contained natives off of their guard, waylaid Luce's little brothers and sisters and asked many questions, but learned nothing; it was evident, therefore, that the young couple did not converse freely in the family circle. What could the matter be?

"Luce," Charley had said one evening, after the girl had several times rallied him on his unusual solemnity, "you do love me, don't you? I don't ask you to say that you care as much for me as I for you, because there's not as much of me to care for, but—"

"Love you? Indeed I do," murmured Luce, "as much as I know how to. You must remember that it is something new to me, while you say you have loved me a long time. I've never been in love before, nor thought much about it, but you know I am very, very fond of you."

"So fond that no one else could take you away from me?"

"You silly boy," said the girl, with a merry laugh. "What a question to ask. Don't you think you had better drop it, and the thought of it, until some one

else shows some signs of asking me?"

Charley looked as if he were not entirely sure that the question would keep so long, and Luce succeeded in changing the subject; she had read of such forebodings of lovers—novels were full of them, and she detested most novels.

The next time he called, however, Charley reverted to the subject, and would not be diverted from it; by this time the girl's curiosity was aroused and she insisted upon knowing what the young man meant.

"Only this," was the reply. "There's a better man than I who has been in love with you a long time, and I don't believe he thinks of anything else."

"Then his mind might be better employed," promptly replied the girl. "But who is he?"

"His name is Champney Bruff," said Charley, looking keenly into Luce's eyes as he spoke. To his infinite relief, yet somewhat to his pain also, Luce burst into hearty laughter as she exclaimed:—

"How ridiculous!"

"But it isn't ridiculous, my dear," replied Charley very gravely. "It's serious—very serious."

"Why, Charley," said Luce, after another laugh—a long, melodious laugh, with a little wonder in it—"Champ Bruff never spoke to me more than twenty words in any one day, in all his life. Whenever he was near me I felt uncomfortable, for he always looked—why, really he looked as if he was afraid I would bite him, which I solemnly assure you I never once thought of doing."

"What strange creatures you girls are," said Charley, rather pettishly. "There are some of you at whom a man can't look more than half a minute before they suspect him of being in love with them, while others can't see anything but—but what isn't?"

"But what reason have you to be angry about it, you silly boy?" asked Luce. "One would think, to hear you talk, that you would like me to be grateful to Champ Bruff, and fall in love

with him in return. If you really insist upon it, I suppose I could——"

"Stop! Stop, please—at once!" exclaimed Charley hastily. "Still, I'm awfully sorry for Champ."

"Why should you be?" the girl asked merrily; she scarcely knew what she said or why she said it, for the disclosure had amazed her greatly, and she was not accustomed to being amazed. "Hasn't some poet—a man poet, too, written 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all'?"

"Has he? I didn't know it, and I don't exactly understand why he did it, but perhaps he had more experience than I in such matters. Don't make fun of Champ, though, please, because his disappointment has hurt him dreadfully."

"Disappointment? Why, he never said a word to me about anything of the kind, and if he had, I"—Luce did not conclude the sentence, for she could not. Like all other women of the nobler order, she had not spent much time in dreaming about lovers and longing for them; she had supposed that some day, in the natural order of such affairs, some man would propose to her, and she might love him and afterward marry him, but the idea of being loved by a man who, as she had said, had scarcely spoken to her except in the briefest manner, and with whom she had no interests in common—why, it seemed almost shocking. How could the man have come by so silly a fancy?

"How did you come to know all this?" she asked Charley. "You've been hearing some gossip at the shops or the post-office, I'll warrant—something said for the sole purpose of teasing you. Quite a lot of people are curious about us, and I'm rather uncomfortable about it. Who told you this ridiculous story?"

"Champ himself," replied Charley.

"What? Are you dreaming?"

"I never was wider awake in my life, dear girl; the thought of it frequently keeps me awake when I should be asleep."

"But you must have misunderstood him," insisted Luce, with the positive manner of an entirely honest and simple nature. "It is he who has given you the chance of work which you are improving so splendidly, according to every one. The best things I hear about you are always accompanied by the expression 'Champ says.' Any one would suppose that, if you were right, Champ must be crazy, for he seems to be doing just what a sane man wouldn't do if he were in love with the same woman as the man whom he is praising and helping. I've heard many strange things and read some others, but, really, this is the most incomprehensible, nonsensical thing I ever heard of in my life."

"Do stop laughing!" exclaimed Charley. "Your laughter is the sweetest music in the world, but there's a time for everything, and no good man's troubles should be laughed at by a good woman."

"You're a noble-hearted fellow," exclaimed Luce, with the first look of hearty admiration which the young man had ever seen in her face. It pleased him greatly, but did not prevent what he wanted to say; so when Luce begged him to tell her what he knew, and how he learned it, and insisted upon hearing all the particulars, he told her everything which had happened between Champ and him. When he had finished Luce was silent a long time; finally she said:—

"What a noble-hearted fellow he must be! Who would imagine, to look at that serious, matter-of-fact face of his, that there was a single spark of romance in him?"

"Romance?" echoed Charley. "The romance isn't near so wonderful to me as his heroism. If you'd seen him standing there in the woods, his axe upraised, and his face looking as if he wanted to kill me—you wouldn't have thought there was anything romantic about him."

"And he is doing all this for me," said Luce, who had gone into a reverie.

"He certainly is," is the reply. "He certainly doesn't do it for me. He

never speaks to me unless I compel him; he passes me in the street with the merest nod, and with a look as if he were charging me with the basest form of theft. In fact, he has succeeded in making me feel the same way, a great deal of the time."

"I'm sure I don't see why," said Luce, roused by her sense of justice. "You cannot have robbed him of what he never had, nor of what he had any good reason to believe he ever would have. The idea of my marrying Champney Bruff!"

"It really doesn't seem possible to you?" asked Charley eagerly and with an intent expression of face.

"Utterly impossible," the girl replied. "Don't you too go crazy. What a strange world this is!"

"But you will try to be polite to him hereafter, when you chance to meet him?"

"I shall not only try; I shall be so, for all that he has done for you, and also for what you say he has suffered. I wish, though, that I hadn't heard of it."

"Why so?"

"Because—oh, because I'm sorry to be the cause of unhappiness to any one, even if the fault is not at all mine. The affair will appear like a nightmare to me; I wish you hadn't told me of it."

"Then so do I; it seems to be my luck to say and do things at unexpected times."

"Don't blame yourself, you poor boy!" exclaimed Luce; then, for the first time in their acquaintanceship, she kissed him, and the kiss took an immense load from Charley's heart.

After that, however, there was a strange change in the ways of the two young people; Charley never again alluded voluntarily to Champney Bruff, but Luce persisted in asking questions about the unhappy man. Did he seem as solemn as ever? Did he still look and act as if he had been robbed? Did he make any more threats?

The subject finally became unspeakably unpleasant to Charley, for Luce slowly lost the cheerful manner which she had displayed toward him from the beginning of their engagement. She

never had acted as sweethearts did in the hundreds of romances Charley had read, but she had made him feel entirely welcome, and this seemed a promise of something better in sweeter days to come. Now, however, she began to greet him inquiringly and anxiously; she said she was in constant fear of trouble between him and Champ, and if there should be anything of the kind she would wish she never had been born. She wished, and said so without a blush, that they were able to marry and go away—anywhere, to any degree of poverty, if only she might not have to be in the same town with a man who was feeling as Champ was said to feel. Charley had read somewhere of a malady called monomania; he knew the meaning of the word, and he felt sure that it described Luce's condition. He tried to dispose of such wood as he had cut, that he might bravely marry on the proceeds; marriages at Brundy were simple and inexpensive affairs, and a wedding-trip was an indulgence of which no happy couples dared to think. But winter was still two or three months away; the natives had ample time in which to haggle and chaffer about the price of their winter supply of fuel, so Charley was obliged to delay.

And all the while he was so sorry for Luce. She, the grandest-natured young woman in the village—she, who never had been subject to the "nerves" of which even young men were occasionally obliged to hear—became pale, timorous, and sometimes tearful. Her parents blamed Charley, but the girl declared that he was the dearest fellow in the world, and had never said an unkind word to her; if only she could feel at ease about his future she did not care what might become of her. She no longer tried to keep secret her promise to Charley; she announced, almost defiantly, some sage women thought, that they were engaged to be married, and that he was the best man she ever had known or heard of. The family physician was called in, but he could make nothing of the case: the family's pastor talked with her and

prayed with her, but went home afterward in a most bewildered frame of mind. Indeed, no one seemed able to give her any cheer but old Pruffett, who shrewdly timed a call upon her mother at an hour when he knew well the good woman was not at home. He was as kind-hearted and tender as he was shrewd, so, almost before she knew what she was doing, Luce was unburdening her heart to him.

"There will be no trouble between them; drop that thought from your mind," said the old man; "but if both of you are as anxious as you say that Charley and he shall be separated, suppose I send Charley out West for me on a little matter of business? It will put some money into his pocket, and take a great load from your heart. In the mean time I will talk to Champ; I happen to be the only person besides Charley who knows how the poor fellow is feeling, and perhaps I can comfort him a little. No one is fitter to do it, for I've been through a similar experience myself."

"You?" said the girl wonderingly. To her, all love was the exclusive property of young people.

"Yes, I. It was a long time ago, but I shall never forget it. Your mother may perhaps tell you something about it if you ask her."

The very next day all Brundy knew that Charley Wurring had taken the stage for the nearest railway station, and what to make of it no one knew, for Charley had bluntly told inquirers that it was nobody's business where he went or what he went for. When Champ heard this his usual reticence deserted him, and he used language so severe about the young man that the town soon had it that Charley had borrowed a lot of money from Champ, and left town to avoid paying it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN—AND MEN.

No business man, no matter how great his experience or how perfect his methods, ever finds his time entirely equal to all the demands upon it, so old

Pruffett did not reach Champney Bruff until that very volcanic person had heard all that the village could tell him about the departure of Charley Wurring. Pruffett was going to break the news to him in a masterly manner, and then force upon Champ some counsel which he did not doubt would have the proper effect.

He found Champ in the marsh forest, and also in a state of wrath. No sooner did the younger man see who it was that was intruding upon the solitude which he had sought for himself, than he roared:—

"A nice end your advice has brought things to, hasn't it? Luce is miserable, and that young scoundrel gone to no one knows where, while I——"

"Excuse me a moment," interrupted the older man. "Some one knows where Charley is; it is I. Charley isn't a scoundrel either; he's far more a man than I supposed. Still more, Luce isn't miserable; I called there this morning, and found her looking and feeling better than at any time in the last two or three weeks. As to you—but I interrupted you."

"She's looking and feeling better?" asked Champ. "Are you sure?"

"I've the evidence of my own eyes and ears, and her mother is of my opinion."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Champ, smoothing his brow somewhat.

"You were saying something about yourself," persisted old Pruffett.

"Never mind about me, if the girl is feeling better," was the reply. "You know very well, if what you told me a few weeks ago about her mother was true, that I don't care what happens to me if she can be happy."

"You've really learned to feel that way, have you?" The old man accompanied his question with a look so keen, despite the age of his eyes, that Champ winced a bit; but he pulled himself together and looked very manly when he finally said:—

"Yes! It's been an awful fight, and one that's by no means over. There isn't an unhappier man on the face of the earth than I; I've thought all man-

ner of dreadful things toward that youngster Charley, but I've been true to the girl in my heart all the while. I shall be ready, all my life long, to do anything in my power that will make her happy in any way."

"Good boy! You'll get your reward for it, as I got mine. You may not believe it—I didn't, for a long while—indeed, I didn't think such a thing possible; but 'twas none the less comforting when it came. But let's see; you said just now that you'd be willing to do anything to make her happy; well, now's your chance."

"Now! What do you mean?"

"I think it would comfort her greatly if you would call, and have a chat with her about Charley."

"Call?" gasped Champ, turning pale. "Why, Mr. Pruffett, I—really, I never made a call on a young woman in my life!"

"Indeed? That's an awful confession. I don't wonder you are in your present condition of mind. The best way to atone is to begin to make amends as soon as possible. That poor girl has been haunted by the fear that you had some dangerous designs against Charley, and I don't believe that any one but you can disabuse her mind of this very painful impression. Do you intend to allow her to go on suffering?"

"How can I? Do go to her and tell her from me—"

"Second-hand news is poor stuff to send to a woman you profess to regard so highly."

"Then I'll write to her—at once."

"A person can't say much in a letter, at best; he can say wretchedly little to one who wishes to hear a great deal—and has an undoubted right to."

Champ looked like a criminal being led to execution, but he finally gasped:—

"I'll—call."

"Promise me," said Pruffett, "that you'll go this very evening."

"I—I promise."

"Good! Now, don't be a coward, Champ. Girls are not ogres, as a rule; even when they are, they have a fair

share of manners when meeting respectable young men who they know have put them under obligations. She knows all that you have done for Charley, and she therefore thinks that you are one of the finest fellows in the world. There are thousands of great men and brilliant ones who would be delighted to call on such a woman, with such a welcome awaiting them. Don't be afraid that you won't know what to say; a girl can make any man talk, unless he chances to have lost the use of his tongue. Don't hurry, either; talk all you can about Charley, and say all the good you can of him; if there are some things about him which you're not entirely sure about, give him the benefit of the doubt; it will please her, and you'll feel the better for it afterward."

Champ promised everything asked of him, but he did it all with the manner of a man talking in a dream. The agonies of his preparations for the call need not be dwelt upon, for they were too serious to be laughed over, although the reader could do nothing else. Suffice it to say, that he received a cordial welcome, for old Pruffett had sent the girl word that Champ was to be expected, and that as the affair was very embarrassing to him womanly pity should see to it that he should not be obliged to feel uncomfortable.

Within five minutes after entering the Grews' door Champ felt quite as much at ease as if he were at home, so he had little trouble in asking after Charley.

"He has gone out West, for a little while, on business for Mr. Pruffett," said Luce.

"I heartily hope there is as much money in it for him as there was for Pruffett himself when he went West," said Champ. "I don't know of any one whom I'd rather see make a fortune in a hurry than Charley. There's splendid stuff in that young man, Miss Grew."

"Do you really think so?" the girl asked, with a look from which she could not keep a sign of curiosity. Champ met it as coolly as if it were a

man's glance, about a matter of business, and continued:—

"Indeed I do. I'm personally proud of it, too, for I have had a little to do with bringing it out."

"Indeed you have," replied Luce heartily. "He has told me of all you have done for him, and I want to thank you, myself, for your manly friendship."

"Oh, don't say that, please!" exclaimed Champ, shading his eyes to keep the girl from seeing some thoughts which he feared might betray themselves.

"Then you are not friends, despite what you say about each other?" asked Luce anxiously. The tone of her voice compelled him to drop his hand and say:—

"Miss Grew, I would do more for that young man than for any other man on the face of the earth. Can I make that any stronger?"

"No," murmured Luce, although she looked as if there was something else she would like to know. Champ wondered what it was. He was not accustomed to study women's faces, but he was sure that he knew what was in Luce's mind, so he continued:—

"If he doesn't come back as soon as you want him to, I'll beg Mr. Pruffett to hurry him home; I'll offer to go out there in his place, if the old man thinks I can do the work as well as he; I'll——"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Luce. "I don't want him to come back—not at present, at least. He is—he doesn't exactly know how, and it is better for both of us that he should be away for the present—unless your work is suffering through his absence?"

"My work?" echoed Champ. This was a strange place in which to be reminded of that marshland forest! His work, indeed! What would Luce say if she knew how that work had come about? What a gulf there seemed between him and her, although they were sitting face to face, and not three feet apart! The strangeness of the situation affected Champ so strongly that he lapsed into absent-mindedness,

and it took several questions to recall him.

After that the delicate subject was avoided for a little while, and Champ was so rejoiced to find that it really was not hard to talk to an intelligent young woman, that he soon felt quite at ease—nay, proud of himself. Beside, as he told himself, he had earned the right to chat with Luce Grew. Well, the right had been accorded him, most unexpectedly, and he was going to enjoy it to the best of his ability. The evening should be one which he would remember for years, and the recollection of it would help him through many a lonesome hour. He would never forget her face either; it had been in his mind for years, but never as it appeared that evening—never so handsome, animated, so full of cheer and yet full of soul. What a fool he had been to have delayed this pleasure so long! Had he been more of a "company man" earlier in life, he might at least have numbered Luce among his friends, and who knows what better might have happened if he had enjoyed the stimulus which her face, her eyes, her manner, her voice, her entire presence, now gave him? He tried to analyze it, but he succeeded only in informing himself that it was solely because she was Luce Grew.

Time flew rapidly, but Champ took no note of it. The old clock in the kitchen struck loudly, but Champ did not hear it. For the time being he was in Elysium; yet really they talked only of village affairs and church matters and the doings of the various farmers. How different common subjects did appear when there was such a person as Luce to talk them over with!

Suddenly one of the children entered and handed Luce a letter.

"How strange!" she exclaimed. Letters delivered by hand were as rare during Brundy evenings as snowflakes in May. Suddenly she turned pale and exclaimed:—

"Why, it's from Charley."

With trembling hands she tore the envelope; Champ frowned and arose to go. Even from a distance, and on

this one evening of all evenings, that bane of his existence was still active in making trouble for him.

Luce took from the envelope two enclosures, looked at them, and said:—

"Why, one of them is for you!"

"Ah, something about that wood-chopping, I suppose," said Champ, opening his letter. It did not take him long to read it, for Charley wrote a large round schoolboy hand. The letter ran thus:—

"Dear Champ,—Marry Luce. She knows how you love her, for I had to tell her all about it. That isn't all; she loves you too; she couldn't help it after she knew all. That's why I have gone West. God bless you both.

"Yours always,

"CHARLEY."

Champ looked up, startled by a slight exclamation from Luce. The girl was leaning against the table, upon which she had dropped her letter. Champ did not mean to read it; but the letter itself was so short and the penmanship so large that he could not help getting its entire contents at a glance.

"Miss Grew," said he quickly, although his voice trembled, "I've accidentally seen your letter. It's only fair, therefore, that you should read mine."

He extended it toward her. She took it slowly, took a long, long time, it seemed to Champ, to read it, but finally she looked up, smiled timidly, and said:—

"Well?"

"Luce!" exclaimed Champ, taking the girl's hands. What either of them said afterwards was entirely their own affair.

"I saw how things were going pretty soon after they began to go wrong between Luce and Charley," said old Pruffett to Champ the next day; "and when the boy admitted to me that he had told her all about your confession to him, I made up my mind that it was all up with him, because—well, I knew her mother, and it's grand good stock. Eh? Then why didn't her mother take me? Because the other man was the

better man, my boy, just as you are the better man than Charley. I doubted her being able—doubted Luce, I mean, being able—to give her heart entirely to a youth like Charley, though there are a lot of good points about him; and I hoped that it might turn out in time, as it has, that both he and she would learn their mistake, and that your chance would come. In the mean time, what I said to you, and you acted upon, was just what you needed to make you search your heart and find out for whom you really loved Luce—for yourself, or for her. That's something that the best men sometimes fail to find out until it is too late, my boy, and they have a world of unhappiness about it."

"But how did you come to send Charley away at just the right time?"

"How? Because the right time had come. I had been giving my own entire time to watching for it. I wonder if those two young people could possibly imagine how closely their affairs interested an old man who was supposed to do nothing but gossip about town and read the newspapers. Charley made a clean breast to me about his trouble. I went to see the girl's mother—I've already told you about her—and found things about as I supposed. Then I talked with the girl herself. The rest of it was easy enough."

"Yes, to a man who had business in the West; but suppose there had been no such help for me?"

"My dear boy," said the old man, "there's an old Western saying that may do you good to bear in mind: 'Never cross a stream until you reach it.' There was a man here to send Charley to the West, so you can afford to drop that part of the subject."

"But everything worked as well as if it had been managed by Heaven itself," said Champ.

"I don't for a moment doubt that it was," replied the old man, reverently dropping his head for a moment. "Such things usually are—when the parties deserve special attention."

"I don't see, though, how Charley timed those letters to arrive just right,"

persisted Champ. "He must be a thousand miles away by this time. He didn't know that I would ever call at the Grews' in the course of my life."

Old Pruffett looked embarrassed; then he said:—

"I've heard that new-made lovers are very slow of perception. Why, you stupid fellow, Charley wrote those letters and gave them to me before he left; he did it, willingly enough, at my own suggestion. I personally made you promise to call last night; then I stood in the night air for nearly an hour, a few rods from your house, to make sure that you did it, even if I had to drag you out and carry you there. Then I followed you, hung about the Grews' for a while, with my heart in my throat, for fear you'd come away soon—you seemed so scared at the idea of going, you know. Finally I slipped across the street into the yard—I'm glad the Grews don't own one of those annoying small dogs that bark at every one who ventures upon the premises—I slipped into the yard, and peeped through one of the windows. Yes, sir, I did. I know it wasn't exactly mannerly, but business is business, and the whole affair was very serious business to me, I can tell you. I saw you both getting along pretty well together, so I thought it would make matters all the easier afterward to let you go on. Finally the night air began to make me so chilly that I had to hurry matters in self-defence, so I slipped round to the back door and got one of the children to deliver the note, first making him promise not to tell who left it. Then I looked through the window again; I really didn't feel comfortable about doing it, Champ, but it was a matter of business with me. I hope your heart didn't thump as mine did while you two were reading those letters. I waited until I saw you take Luce's hand, and then—don't blush—then I went home, got down on my knees, and thanked God that I had known Luce's mother."

"And poor Charley!" said Champ, with a sigh.

"Ah, well, 'tis better for him to have lost Luce than not to have been in love with her. I loved her mother, and I know."

From *The Fortnightly Review*.
LORD SALISBURY.

FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

In these same pages I tried, just a year ago, to draw Lord Rosebery's portrait as he appeared to an observer living in the midst of the French political world. To-day I am asked to give my impressions of Lord Salisbury, and I have not forgotten the difficulties of the task which I imprudently accepted last year. In the first place I represent no group or class of my fellow-citizens. I have been trying for a dozen years to induce the French public to see men and affairs in England as I have come to see them, but it is not for me to say that I have gained either a hearing or a following; I only know that no human being has ever dreamed of deputing me to be his spokesman. Consequently I feared that my Rosebery could only be the Rosebery of my individual fancy, bearing no resemblance either to his English original or to the shadow projected by that original upon French politics. Besides, his intricate personality was so difficult to grasp. He was so manifestly delighted with his own complexity, which was still further diversified by the bizarre character of the party over whom he was called to preside. How could one grasp him or define him? I was obliged to content myself with a naïf enumeration of the contradictions which struck me most in the head of the Radical party, and made me despair of arriving at his real self. Yet in some mysterious way these very contradictions developed into a portrait, in which the features of the model were clearly recognizable.

When I come to speak of Lord Salisbury I find myself no less face to face with my first difficulty. I am still a writer without authority and a master

without disciples, the exact opposite of what you call a "representative man." Lord Salisbury himself presents no insuperable difficulty or insoluble enigma. His secret is an open secret that he who runs may read, even on the French side of the Channel. He stands in full daylight, clearly visible from every side like a great pillar of political principles, either homogeneous in themselves or strongly welded together. Any one can walk up to the pillar and go round it; the student needs neither telescope nor microscope, simply the commonest intelligence and one particular sort of courage—the courage to go on saying all the commonplace things that have been said a thousand times already. But this kind of courage is often lacking in the literary men of my country.

The present premier has passed through three clearly marked stages in his political life; he has been the independent Tory, the foreign minister, and the head of the Conservative party. I shall say nothing about the first period, although it was much the longest, extending as it did from the time when the young member for Stamford made his maiden speech in 1854, up to that fortunate morning in April, 1878, when he unexpectedly took Lord Derby's place at the Foreign Office. If I were to make a detailed study of the speeches which he made during that period, either in the House of Commons or in the House of Lords, I could find plenty of material to prove the complete identity of the Lord Robert Cecil or the Lord Cranborne of those days with the Lord Salisbury of to-day. Tactics have of course changed with circumstances, even to the point of making Lord Salisbury the advocate of measures which he formerly condemned, or the opponent of certain bits of legislation to which he once appeared tenderly attached. But his convictions have remained as unshaken as the general lines of his character. It was then that he acquired that somewhat disquieting reputation for combining wit and *maladresse*, eloquence and sarcasm, obstinacy and im-

petuosity, aristocratic hauteur and aggressiveness, which made him a terror to his friends, and for a long time drew round him a sort of sanitary cordon of mistrust.

Great political actors, like other actors, ought to possess what the dramatic critic, Mr. William Archer, calls "personal magnetism." Now Lord Salisbury is no loadstone; quite the contrary. He would be the most uncomfortable of comrades in the ministerial chamber. How we deceive children when we tell them that "to command, they must learn to obey!" There are some temperaments made for dependence and subordination, others for decision and authority. Lord Salisbury proved his right to command by his most unwilling obedience.

"A great master of gibes and flouts and jeers," his chief, Disraeli, said of him with that smiling composure which was never greatly disturbed by his follower's thrusts. Disraeli only regretted the absence of the polish and finish which made his own thrusts so exquisite, although it often blunted their point. To his young and disobedient partisan he might have said in the words of Musset:—

Vos déclamations sont comme des épées.
Elles tracent dans l'air un cercle éblouissant,
Mais il y pend toujours quelque goutte de sang.

Certainly Lord Salisbury's humor must have been inconvenient and volcanic, and his irreconcilable and militant Toryism must have assorted ill with the opportunist and feeble tactics forced by circumstances upon the then Conservative party. In any case, it is an astonishing thing that a man of such great intellectual powers could approach his half century without having attained that foremost place which now seems his natural sphere. Something like a national mistrust kept him out of it. I was in England in 1876, when he set out on his mission to Constantinople, and I remember some people saying that he would fail, and others that he would betray his

government. Soon afterwards both charges were made at once, though neither had much truth in it. Who would have thought that the turning-point, the decisive moment of his life, was so close at hand?

He owed this chance to the curious breakdown of his chief, Lord Derby, who lost his nerve at the critical moment. But he owed it above all to Lord Beaconsfield's confidence in him—a confidence which at first sight is scarcely less strange, especially when one thinks of how he had abandoned Lord Beaconsfield on the battle-field of the Reform Bill in 1867, and had quite recently thwarted him apropos of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Nothing—not even the denial of both the parties interested, only one of whom could speak now, and he will certainly never speak—nothing, I say, will persuade me that up to 1878 Lord Salisbury did not feel a secret contempt for Lord Beaconsfield, and that on his side Lord Beaconsfield had not a secret tenderness for Lord Salisbury. Lord Salisbury could not accept without a struggle a policy consisting of a series of theatrical *coups* and compromises, devoid of either conviction or principle. As for the man himself, he could only watch the circumvolutions of that marvellous *parvenu*, an artist nature grafted on to a Semitic stock, with an amused and disdainful curiosity; he could not let himself be hypnotized by the great hypnotist, like Lord Derby. But consider the value which Lord Beaconsfield would attach to the conquest of Lord Salisbury! He was the most precious member of that aristocracy, which was the object of Lord Beaconsfield's life-long passion, and the hardest to subjugate, while both the difficulty and the pleasures of conquest were redoubled by the fact that in Lord Salisbury the mocking asperity of the philosopher was combined with the proud reserve of the *grand seigneur*. This is why his appearance in his Berlin apotheosis with Lord Salisbury as his supporter was not the least real of Lord Beaconsfield's triumphs.

England certainly owes a lasting debt of gratitude to the two men who transformed the instrument of San Stefano into the Treaty of Berlin, and that without burning one cartridge or shedding one drop of blood. My knowledge does not enable me to determine Lord Salisbury's share in that miracle of diplomacy. But I am sure of one thing: ever since that moment he has been the foreign secretary "*par excellence*." He has exchanged the traditions of indolence, which preceded his rule, for the most strenuous personal labor. Instead of the alternation and consequent mutual annihilation of two foreign policies, he has created the sound and patriotic tradition of one continuous policy. We have pursued this course too long and too determinedly in France, and—I might add—with too satisfactory results to be surprised that our neighbors should desire to experience its good effects. In fact, its universal adoption would ensure Europe an element of peace and stability. It did not need a genius to make that discovery, but it required some astuteness and some self-abnegation to be the first man to put it into practice. To a great extent, too, a man does this at his own expense, when on taking office he finds himself in a compromising situation which adversaries, neither astute nor fortunate, have done their best to render desperate. This was Lord Salisbury's case in 1885. By accepting the succession to Mr. Gladstone with all its liabilities and embarrassments, paying debts which he had not contracted, continuing to repose confidence in agents whom he had not chosen, and trying to solve problems which he had not set, the prime minister imposed upon his successors the duty of following his example. They did it, and now the principle is established.

Apart from Lord Salisbury's diplomatic successes of 1886 and 1892—though these are sufficiently numerous and important—the glory of having made the idea of a continuous policy the ruling tradition of the Foreign Office would in itself suffice to ensure

Lord Salisbury's lasting fame. A very short time ago this view was held by his friends and admirers. In the biography which Mr. Traill devotes to him, and which, as far as I can judge, is a masterpiece in its way, uniting as it does all the qualities of a work of art with solid information and critical discernment, the biographer arrives at the conclusion that Lord Salisbury is pre-eminently a foreign minister. According to Mr. Traill, he lacks originality as a leader. In fact, says Mr. Traill, Conservatism is no longer Conservatism, it should be called Opportunism. Lord Salisbury has but continued the opportunist policy inaugurated in 1867, which used formerly to be the object of his invective. He has been prudent and lucky in this course, but nothing more. This is the thought with which Mr. Traill takes leave of his hero.

I have the greatest respect for Mr. Traill's opinion. He seems to me one of those subtle observers of the political tragi-comedy to whom the present is already a matter of history, and who can speak as easily of their contemporaries as if they had lain in their tomb embalmed in their glory for a hundred years. I cannot claim to see what he has not seen, but I wonder whether he does not now see new and unsuspected developments in the character of the statesman and the political situation which he then described so well.

It is true that events have played into Lord Salisbury's hands. To dissolve the dual control into a one-man rule, vested in himself, he had no need to prove his superiority; he had only to assist at the eclipse of his colleague. Once leader, it was thought that he would find it a source of weakness, or at least a hindrance and embarrassment, to be relegated to the House of Lords, far removed from that battlefield where ministries are made and unmade, and unable to come into direct and immediate contact with public opinion. He has converted this source of weakness into a source of strength. He could not go to the

mountain, the mountain has come to him. It has chanced that the post of difficulty, the key of the position, the centre of constitutional resistance, at an important moment in English history, was in the House of Lords, and at that very moment Lord Salisbury had a majority there. Was this merely a stroke of fortune? Many causes contributed to bring about this novel combination on the parliamentary chess-board, but if there was one man who did more than any other, and more even than fortune, to bring about a situation which he had foreseen and fostered and directed, Lord Salisbury was that man. He educated, disciplined, and drilled the majority in the Upper House; he taught it the use of the weapons which it had formerly allowed to rust, or only used to wound itself. He taught it the range and limits of its rights. I am now thinking of those old speeches of more than five-and-twenty years back as well as of those of yesterday. How could these rights be preserved and increased? By never overstepping them and never using them for selfish ends. The Upper House, although in no sense elective, is none the less representative. It must never act except as the interpreter of the feeling of the country, but it must only desist when the country has declared its will. Its enemies afforded it a magnificent opportunity by bringing forward two Home Rule bills, about which I need say nothing, except that the second was even more impossible than the first. What Lord Salisbury made of his opportunity all Europe knows quite as well as England. We saw the House of Lords erect, inspired with a life and strength which had not breathed in it since 1832. I might say that it did what it had never done before—it upset a Cabinet.

But the fall of a Cabinet is a trifle. The triumph of the Conservative party in 1895 has a very different significance. It meant the crumbling of a system, the close of an era, the disappearance, perhaps forever, of a certain class of politicians. No one recognized better than Lord Salisbury the remark-

able character of the recent elections of 1895, no one has expressed that character with more precision, more dignity, and more philosophical insight than he did in his reply to Lord Rosebery during the Debate on the Address, and again quite recently in his speech at Watford on the 30th October. For sixty years the English nation has been tampering with its constitution. If the House of Lords had not been there, a single evening's vote in the House of Commons might have destroyed the work of centuries and changed the whole character of institutions. The House of Lords has unfortunately only a suspensive veto. The hour must come for the nation to speak, but will it speak clearly when it is interrogated on so many questions at once? Still, in spite of the danger and obscurity of these irregular "plébiscites," they are the best means available, and at any rate the national response of 1895 was not wanting in clearness. It meant "Keep your hands off the constitution! For three-quarters of a century you have been hammering and tinkering at the political machine, but the machine does not exist merely for the pride and glory of the mechanic. It is time to set it going and to see how it goes."

In short the end of one era is but the beginning of another. Lord Salisbury did not expend his energies on reviving the old hereditary aristocracy of England, already almost laid out for burial, only to turn Time backward and ask the country to retrace its course. He does not ask his party to make repose their only good and inertia their ideal. He is not even content with the opportunism of a Peel or a Disraeli. He has a programme of legislation and of social reform, answering to the actual requirements of industry and the eternal and crying needs of poverty.

I know perfectly well what people are saying. This programme has been lent him and forced upon him. How often have I read that the Conservative party is Mr. Chamberlain's prisoner! I may even have written the words myself. Well, but if that was true once, it is true no longer, and I congratulate

both the Conservative party and Mr. Chamberlain, for whom I have the warmest admiration. It would be a poor way of using his marvellous talents to play the part of perpetual gaoler. During the last thirty years I have watched the careers of many democrats in all parts of Europe; they all understood perfectly well how to destroy, but only one could construct, and that was Mr. Chamberlain. He is one of those men who spare their country a revolution. He has infused some drops of his own blood, and those not the least precious, into the veins of the Conservative party, and the transfusion has been complete. Let any one try now to distinguish the Chamberlain corpuscles in the veins of Lord Salisbury!

But let us leave metaphor. At the close of the July elections the prime minister was in a position, not, perhaps, to renounce his allies of 1885, which would have been both imprudent and ungrateful, but to make a free choice amongst the suggestions which they submitted to him. If he is now thinking of taking up the labor question, it is not because of any imperative advice of Mr. Chamberlain, but because of a much more imperative social necessity. He sees in it a means of reconciling the old and the new England, of rehabilitating and justifying his order and his party, and supplying them with a definite policy.

I have often tried to make my compatriots understand the transformation which contemporary England is undergoing, and to show them the curious phenomenon of a great people passing quite smoothly from aristocracy to democracy. At first I thought it an admirable spectacle, but latterly a little doubt and uneasiness began to creep into my mind, when I saw that everything in England was changing except England itself, that manners were no longer in harmony with the laws, that the working classes, in spite of their political predominance, were socially and economically still on the level of the laws of Elizabeth. I said to myself, "The workman is a king,

but a starving king. The nominal lord of an empire upon which the sun never sets, eagerly begs for a day's work at the dockyard gates." And I thought that to put an end to this monstrous contradiction the social level would need to be rapidly raised to the existing political level. Meanwhile, the men who had presided over the first period and guided the nation through its earlier stages, had apparently reached the limit both of life and of influence. Who would succeed them? Upon whom would their mantle descend? Would the starving have to minister to their own needs and to create for themselves such laws as they should think good? I know democracy well, I have seen its work at close quarters in adverse countries. I believe in its needs and its sufferings, but I have small faith in its virtues and still less in its intelligence.

The situation is taking a turn for the better now that the social question is in the hands of the Conservative party. When Lord Salisbury took office he gave that question a tremendous impetus by removing one obstacle out of the path and delivering England from the nightmare of Home Rule, which has haunted her dreams for nearly twenty years and impeded all her progress. The prime minister possesses a mighty lever in his immense majority. I believe him to be sincere, which constitutes yet another source of strength, for he must know that if the Conservative party only took up social reform with a view to stifling and destroying it, such an unworthy comedy could scarcely fail to work to its speedy disadvantage and confusion. But what could suggest such a perfidious notion, and what good would come of such treachery? To my mind the Conservative party has never since the day of its birth been confronted with a task more frankly and fundamentally Conservative than that which lies before it to-day.

If Lord Salisbury succeeds in lightening the burdens on agriculture, arresting the depopulation of the country, relieving land from the depreciation

which inevitably precedes bankruptcy and which constitutes one of the gravest dangers of the present situation, as well as one of the best cards in the hands of the revolutionary party; if he can grant allowances to the aged and pensions to the victims of labor, whilst throwing the burden upon the community; if he can attach the laborer to the soil, like the peasant of old, by making him owner of his home; if he can unite employers and employed in a joint organization which will recall the best features of the ancient guilds; he will have proved that the social problem is not insoluble, and that up to a certain point a solution can be found on Conservative principles and by Conservative methods. He will thereby render no mean service not only to English Conservatism, but to what I might call European Conservatism, to all, indeed, who hope and trust that society may yet be saved without recourse to the rough surgery of revolution. These persons form a numerous body in France, and they look upon Lord Salisbury's ministry as an experiment of vital importance, to be followed with sympathetic curiosity and a fervent prayer for its success.

Is Lord Salisbury's rule equally reassuring from the point of view of European politics? Certainly France did not hail his advent at the Foreign Office, as she would have hailed the advent of a minister with French sympathies. But in what quarter could she hope to discover this *rara avis*, this phoenix amongst foreign secretaries? We know that an alliance with England is an impossibility, and, to put the matter quite plainly, we do not regret it, because such an alliance costs us far more than we gained by it. There is not a single Frenchman, myself not excepted, who would ever attempt to recall that dream. We awoke from it once and forever on that February day in 1871 when the lord mayor, in the name of the country whose policy we had loyally followed and whose economic interests we had served in war and in peace, offered us a dozen York hams and Chester cheeses.

But although there is no point in a close alliance between the two nations, common action in certain well-defined cases is both possible and easy. In other cases where our interests are mutually exclusive or conflicting, it behoves us to arrive at a mutual understanding after a peaceable discussion. War would be such an unspeakable disaster that imagination shudders at the thought. This is the view, I take it, of all good patriots both in France and in England.

Let the minister's name be Salisbury or Kimberley, Hanotaux or Berthelot, the policy of the *Quai d'Orsay* does not vary any more than that of Downing Street. Perhaps it changes even less with us than with you. Here I cannot refrain from making one remark. People in England read at least once a year in the newspapers that the French Chamber has overturned the ministry, but probably the papers fail to inform them that even if individuals are turned out, the same party has remained in power ever since October, 1877. The 2nd of November, 1895, witnessed the first marked change for eighteen years in the general tendency of politics, and even this change is not as great as it seems; in any case it will in no wise affect our foreign policy.

There is therefore no sort of reason why under Lord Salisbury we should not continue the negotiations begun under his predecessor or under himself in one of his earlier ministries. Possibly these negotiations may be prolonged; perhaps they may even be eternal! The points that I enumerated last year, the delimitation of our sphere of influence in Africa, the Newfoundland fisheries, the territories of the Upper Mekong, the evacuation of Egypt, do not appear to have advanced one step nearer to a solution. Two of them are practically insoluble. The minister who dares to breathe the word "buffer state" again in our Parliament must have made up his mind to have done with things ministerial and to drown his portfolio in the waters of the Mekong. Any one proposing the abandonment of the Newfoundland

fisheries might equally be supposed to be bitten with a mania for political suicide. The Egyptian question has receded instead of advancing. There was a time when I thought its solution lay at Constantinople, but alas! Constantinople no longer even possesses a solution for the Turkish question.

I spoke just now of my great admiration for Mr. Chamberlain; it will, therefore, be no matter of surprise that I should fear him as much as I admire him. He warned us that he was going to the Colonial Office in order to solve industrial difficulties by opening up new markets for British produce. That means, apparently, that the labor question will be solved at the expense of all other colonizing nations who are not quick enough to outstrip England in this chase after annexations and protectorates. It is all very well to echo Disraeli's saying that there is room for every one in Asia, and to apply it to Africa, but the real truth is that this planet is very small, and that we are already rubbing elbows in every part of it. Mr. Chamberlain's innumerable speeches are amongst the disquieting elements at work at the present moment. Lord Salisbury himself, since he took office, has been most prudent in expressing his sentiments. Towards us he has been conciliatory, if not altogether gracious. The other evening, at the Guildhall, he spoke of "the wise spirit displayed in the Eastern question by that very element usually considered restless." Evidently we are the restless element. It is a curious compliment, when one thinks of the assistance rendered three months ago at Constantinople to the cause of order, tolerance, and civilization by our astute and energetic ambassador. But we must take Lord Salisbury as we find him. He never in his life said a flattering thing without adding a pin prick.

Englishmen ask why there should be so much disagreement between public opinion on the two sides of the Channel with regard to this Armenian question. The answer is very simple. We judge from two different sets of facts. Which is the better informed, the French

public or the English public? I do not know, but I feel sure that if the real truth were definitely known, we could soon strike a balance. The two Western nations have been drawn together in this matter by the cords of a common interest and a certain similarity in their respective positions. They have strong financial reasons for desiring the continuance of the Ottoman Empire, since they will inherit nothing when it deceases. Both of them have Mohammedan subjects, whose susceptibilities must be respected. Do you think they want to be saddled with a Mussulman pope, whose position would have to be guaranteed? If the writers of leading articles, who expel the sultan from Constantinople every morning, can forget these considerations, Lord Salisbury, I imagine, does not lose sight of them. A word which he let fall lately makes me think that Armenian atrocities will not cloud his clearer vision or divert him from the path of duty any more than did the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876. Emotional politics do not suit him. The brilliant negotiator of the Berlin Treaty will not undo his own work; in this respect one can reckon a little on an author's *amour propre*, and still more upon Lord Salisbury's long experience and his masculine common sense. As to the part played by France at Constantinople between England and Russia, it is a useful, and may, perhaps, become a necessary part. Lord Salisbury knows this better than any one else, and will say so when he pleases. He also knows and says outright that the powers are in perfect agreement. Woe to that power which introduces an element of disturbance! Its responsibility will be so terrible, and the consequences of its mistake so disastrous, that no power is likely to dare to take the initiative. In short, the Eastern question, we are told, has become so dangerous that it has almost ceased to be a danger. That is a paradox of a very reassuring character: still it is only a paradox, and sleepers tempted to pillow their heads upon it, should be careful to sleep with one eye open.

AUGUSTIN FILON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PEASANT-LIFE OF SOUTH RUSSIA.

Unless under exceptional circumstances, the peasant-life of a country comes little under the notice of the average European traveller. In his hurried journey through towns replete with every possible interest, he finds all his time fully occupied in pacing endless galleries and museums filled with silent witnesses to the genius of men whose works still "follow them;" he seldom thinks that a short railway ride will set him down amidst living witnesses to a genius as interesting if not as noble, the genius of contented humble peasant-life. The chances are that if the traveller wishes to see something of the life of the country in which he sojourns, he is in a position to have intercourse with the upper classes only of that land, and in this he finds much pleasure, if not much interest. But aristocracy is to a great extent the same all the world over, peasant-life is not; and he would miss a deal who willingly puts aside any opportunity he may have for the study of the same.

On the other hand, "introductions"—if I may use the term—to this class of society are not so easily obtainable as one would imagine, and a combination of peculiar circumstances alone can give the traveller the necessary facility to study the peasant as he is.

Thanks to the writings of Count Leo Tolstoi and others, the English reading public is not altogether unfamiliar with the life of the Russian *mujik*. Tolstoi's peasant is the peasant of northern Russia, who differs in some characteristics from his southern confrère. On his estate, which you pass in the train, on the line between Kursk and Moscow, shortly before arriving at Tula, the philanthropic count still labors, working out the practical side of his system of philosophy.

As a general rule, one notices that the northern parts of most European countries contrast in many particulars with the southern portions, but especially in one respect—viz., that of cleanliness. The north is in general the abode of cleanliness; the same

cannot be said of the south. In this respect Normandy and Provence in France at once suggest themselves as cases of the point in question, while if we go over the other countries of Europe we shall find that the same law holds in the great majority of cases. But Russia's peasant-life is an exception; here the south is more cleanly than the north—the southern peasant is nothing if he is not clean.

The contrast might be pursued further; the peasant of southern Russia is an uncommunicative creature. He does not give you his opinion when you ask him, insomuch that you sometimes doubt whether he has any to give. But this is not the case; the chances are that he has very definite ideas about the matter in question, only the southern characteristic is to keep that opinion to yourself. The northerner, on the other hand, offers you advice in great quantity, and often unasked for; he is also more active and more business-like than his brother in the south.

One little incident that occurred, when I was staying as the guest of a Russian nobleman on his country estate, was also explained to me as illustrating the difference in character between the northern and southern peasant. It so happened that at that time an official on the estate, who had charge of some difficult work in connection with the large sheep department there, being an old man, showed signs of falling health, and my friend fixed on a young man who should work under the aged official, with the intention of learning from him his particular employment, and so be able to fill his place in the future. When the nobleman announced his intention in kindly terms to his old but faithful servant, a violent scene followed, in which the sheep-master, who was a southerner, strongly resented the idea of having any person trained under him with a view to filling his place. Of course he had to submit; but I was told that if the man had been a northern peasant, there would have been no objection—such a feeling would not have been entertained. I give the incident simply

for what it is worth, feeling that in certain cases it requires even more than the difference in character between a northman and a southerner to give a satisfactory explanation of conduct.

The life of the southern peasant cannot in any sense of the word be said to be a full life. For this there are many reasons, and of these the most important is the want of education. Some years ago it would have been no exaggeration to say that the average Russian peasant could neither read nor write. In 1882 only nineteen per cent. of the recruits levied for the army were able to read and write. Latterly, many more schools have been opened, and education has been improved so much that it can now be said that seventy per cent. of the boys and girls can read and write, of middle-aged peasants forty per cent., and of elderly peasants ten per cent.

My country host, of whom I have already spoken, being a man with the welfare of the people at his heart, started a school some twenty years ago on his estate to provide education for the children around. At that time they came from all the villages in the neighborhood to the number of one hundred and thirty; during the last two years the attendance has only averaged some twenty, owing to the opening of new schools in many of these villages themselves. This, however, is almost a favored district, and in spite of much improvement we can still say that the leisure hours of the peasant are never devoted to reading; his sphere of knowledge is confined to what he may hear from his neighbors or learn in the all too narrow experience of his own life.

But the curious thing is that, even in the case of these peasants who can read, there is no interest in what are generally known as public affairs outside their immediate surroundings. Thus there is a newspaper published for the peasants by the government, which is sent regularly to the village communes. This paper is very ably conducted, and contains an open column in which peasants are invited to

put questions relating to trade and other matters which may interest them; these questions are answered by competent authorities in St. Petersburg in succeeding issues of the paper. Such at least was the idea of the newspaper and its inquiry column; but while the latter is hardly taken advantage of at all, the former may often be seen lying in the village halls with not even the cover removed. The Russian peasant, then, conservative to a degree, willingly refuses to take advantage of an official attempt to interest him in the larger world outside; and as the long distances make it impossible for him to come to centres of civilization where a man must learn in spite of himself, his life is bound up in the smaller interests of his village and the dearer interests of his family.

Before entering on a more particular account of South Russian peasant life and customs, I should like to say a few words with regard to its bearing on three great forces which are generally included in the average individual's conception of Russia—I mean Nihilists, Stundists, and Jews.

Take Nihilism first. In its original and proper significance it is used to describe certain negative systems of philosophy. Originally, then, nihilism does not represent a political conspiracy, as is generally understood to-day. It is a doctrine, a definite system of philosophy, and so ranks in the same way as atheism or materialism. It is not an association of men of dark designs; it is a state of mind, an association of ideas. If you believe that anarchism is a conviction of the mind in the case of the person who professes it, then it also ranks on equal terms with nihilism and atheism. An extreme case will show what I mean. If the man who threw the bomb at Alexander II. believed in God, then he was not a nihilist. "The nihilist is dreaded in Russia," you say, but only in the same way that you would dread the entrance of a man into your family who had no regard for morality. The nihilist is extreme; he is a combination; he is an atheist; he is a materialist

without a scrap of ethics; his creed is a creed of negations—*Nihil est*. Nihilism is, then, originally not an organization; in this it is unlike the *carbonari* of Italy. Originally nihilists were not known personally to one another any more than atheists or materialists are at the present day; you don't need to go to Russia to be a nihilist. Compare it with anarchism; this is a political organization. The cry of the anarchist is, "Down with the *bourgeoisie*!" He envies the rich. The root of anarchism is in envy; its motive force is self-interest. But among the Russian peasants anarchism is unknown. The Russian peasant who wants work can always find it. But in the Russian middle classes some fifty years ago intellectual starvation was rife. Here is the distinction: anarchism is the result of bodily starvation; nihilism is the result of mental starvation. It would be too great a digression to explain fully how this has come about, or even to state the case for and against nihilism, for do not suppose that it is an unmitigated evil. Suffice it to say, what is now self-evident, that in its true and original sense nihilism was restricted to educated Russians; no Russian peasant ever was a nihilist. Of late, however, the term has become familiar, as improperly applied to Russian revolutionary terrorists, some of whom do not even know what nihilism proper means. It cannot, however, be denied that among these terrorists there have lately been found some peasants "who see in the abolition of the justices of the peace (1889), and the restrictions imposed upon the provincial self-government, so many steps towards the reintroduction of the manorial justice of the nobles, and who met these measures by a series of outbreaks in 1889-90."

We pass now to the Stundists. This term, derived from the German word signifying an "hour," was used to describe people who met together for their hours of devotion. They now represent what we would term an Evangelical party, and draw their numbers largely from the peasant

population. There was one solitary stundist living somewhere in the neighborhood of the country estate where I was resident. I asked my host if we might visit him; but he said that as he had no special reason for going to see the man, it would be better not to do so, as it would simply make him a marked man. They are of course subjected to persecution as a class, and many have "witnessed a good confession." But there are stundists and stundists—in this way. Much of the local persecution of the stundists is explained by the fact that the village priests have no fixed salary, and are, unless possessing private means, entirely dependent for their income on the christenings, marriages, and funerals in their parish. So much is this the case that the villagers have their little joke, and say the priest robs both the living and the dead. The defection of a stundist family means, then, not only a deficit in the funds of the village church, but also a certain loss in income to the priest. So, many confessed stundists simply leave the Greek Church to avoid all ecclesiastical payments. The peasants themselves do not indulge in strong criticism of the stundists. Here is a peasant girl's description of some stundists as given to me: "The stundists are not bad people; they do not drink, they never swear, they never dance, but believe that they alone are saved. The stundist girls do not wear ornaments nor drink brandy. When they meet in a house, they sit together on the floor, and one assumes the leadership; they then read the Scriptures and pray, sometimes with tears. They prefer only to read in the New Testament, and endeavor to see that Christ is their Saviour." So much any one in this country knows, and the peasant will tell you no more, for he himself does not understand.

With reference to the Jews, one has heard again of persecution in Russia. But from the little that I saw of Russian dealings with Jews, keeping merely to the peasants, it seemed to me that there was no persecution of the

Jews; in fact, that it was rather the other way—the Jews persecute the Russian peasants. Practically everything in southern Russia is in the hands of Jews. For this state of affairs the Russians have themselves entirely to thank. Take any village in South Russia. The church and the prison are usually the most conspicuous objects. Any other large building you can safely set down as being the abode of a Jew, while nearly all the trade and shops are in the hands of Jews. And such Jews, too! On one occasion the nobleman with whom I was travelling arrived at a village where he had not been for some five or six years. We put up at the village inn, but had not been five minutes in the house before we were told that a Jew demanded audience with my friend. He was shown in. I can see him now as he stood there, with spectacles across his one strong Jewish feature, dressed in a frock-coat that seemed as if it dated from the time of the Captivity, standing erect with his back to the door, and his hands folded behind him, a veritable Hebrew monument. Then he began his complaint, which was that in 1889 he bought some corn from the prince, and as it was a bad season he lost money in the selling of it. He now calmly asked my friend to make up the difference! The prince replied: "When you made money off me in former purchases I never heard anything about it, nor was there any offer made by you to refund me the difference, and now when you have lost a few hundred roubles, you come and ask me to make up the difference! The thing is absurd." The Jew simply bowed, turned round, and, with a great sigh, retired.

The Russian peasants, then, suffer from the presence of the Jews among them. They are to be found in large numbers in southern Russia only. They are not supposed to be in northern Russia, and there is an imaginary line passing through Moscow which they are not allowed to cross unless they have some fixed employment.

The change within a week from a modern European capital—I do not

speak of St. Petersburg, for we entered Russia from the south—to an ancient Russian village is probably as profound as anything one can well imagine. It seemed as if one not only took a journey far back in space, but also far back into time. And on that journey one came into contact with the different stages in the course of progressive civilization: the express to the Russian frontier; the slow train on the main line there; the slower train on the branch line; the *troika* to the noble country mansion; the sleigh and bullock to the peasant's home. And such a home! Can you imagine a great wild waste of snow extending on every side to the horizon, relieved at one point only by a clump of trees betokening a hamlet? You may not see it yet; you must approach nearer, and your road-way thither will consist merely of a dismal track, some thirty-five yards in breadth, no two feet of which are on the same level. There is not a vestige of a hedge. The track is marked off on one side by a slight ditch, which often disappears; on the other side an occasional pole peers out of the snow, struggling to preserve existence. The track leads straight through the village. On either side, standing back a little, is a row of thatched and single-storied huts. Some are made of wicker-work filled in with stones and mortar; more commonly there is a whitewashed exterior and a dark-brown roof of thatch. They are huddled together in pairs, the doors facing one another, while the gables look out on the track. Straw is piled up round the more exposed walls to help to keep out the cold, while the little windows are double, and between them is a jar with some sulphuric acid in it, to absorb the moisture and keep them clear. You often notice a wooded hollow containing water somewhere in the vicinity of the village, and on a flat piece of waste ground outside are a dozen or more windmills belonging to the wealthier inhabitants. The church is always in a prominent position, with its great green dome and white walls. Sometimes there is also a separate tower for the bell, and the priest's

house nestles in the shelter of the whole. Any building larger than a hut is one of four things—the village hall, the school, the prison, or the house of a Jew. If you enter one of the huts it will take some little time till your eyes become accustomed to the comparative darkness. The floor is either the bare earth or that covered with some straw; the walls are whitewashed. The general appearance is that of cleanliness. In one corner of the room a small lamp is suspended before the *ikon*—a picture of Christ or the Virgin Mary. A large stove takes up one-quarter of the room. If there is more than one room in the hut, the stove is built through the partition-wall, so as to heat the other room as well. The stove is also whitewashed and fed with straw; it is full of little pigeon-holes, into which articles can be put to be warmed and dried. From it a platform of wood, standing about two and a half feet above the floor, extends to the opposite wall; on this the peasant sleeps at night. Thus half of the available space of the room is taken up. Clothes hang from the roof. Round the wall runs a shelf, on which, among other things, are the dark brown, heavy loaves of rye-bread which the peasants eat. The appearance and size of these loaves is that of a curling-stone minus the handle. Round the second half of the room runs a bench close to the wall, scrupulously clean, which is utilized for sitting on and for washing; it is at the same distance from the floor as the platform before mentioned, which it eventually joins. But more interesting than the peasant hut are its inhabitants.

The peasant women are particularly interesting. They are a race of small, bright-looking women, presenting a striking contrast to the men, who are on the whole a tall, sombre-looking set. There is, of course, the peasant dress, which is worn uniformly. It consists of, first, the *sorótkha*, or embroidered shirt; the sleeves alone are embroidered with fancy patterns in red and blue, and a woman counts it a disgrace to wear other work than her own. Then

the skirt or petticoat (*spódynitza*) is of red or blue cloth; and over all is a sleeveless jacket, often of black. When outside, they wear a coat over the whole. The manner of adorning the hair is peculiar, and, unlike the fashion in this country, conveys a special significance. The unmarried women do up their hair in two plaits, which are bound round the head, and over this a shawl is simply thrown; while the married women do their hair in one plait, which falls down the back beneath the *sorótkha*, and on their heads they wear a shawl of black and mauve, which is manipulated into a very effective headdress. There is surely a correspondence here to the coif and snood of older Scotland. In Russia the married peasant women do not remove the shawl from the head whether out of doors or inside. Jack-boots complete the outfit of these hardy women. They are evidently very fond of jewellery, and spend (for them) large sums of money upon it. I saw, for example, a peasant girl who was worth three hundred and fifty roubles, and she carried fifty of them round her neck in the form of coral and amber necklaces and silver lockets. The peasant women are very quiet and shy. I noticed that my friend always talked to them quite softly and gently at first, by which they gained confidence, and afterwards would with pleasing smiles and pretty little gestures carry on an animated conversation. And this shyness extends not only towards strangers and those of higher rank, but to all men, inso-much that during an evening, in the course of which one saw many peasant dances, the women danced with the men on only one occasion (the *melitza*). They preferred to dance singly or in pairs, as did the men. The women's dances were more of the nature of slow processions, often with the arms hanging quietly by the side, while the iron heels of their strong jack-boots made no mistake in distinctly marking the steps. And while two danced, the others would look on approvingly, munching the while the dried seeds of the sunflower.

The peasant women, as a rule, do not smoke; this is confined to the upper and middle classes. They always ride horses stride-legs, and have an inordinate affection for cracking their finger-joints. When a peasant woman has to scrub or clean a floor she never goes down on her knees, but always stoops, bending only her back. From this and other causes they acquire great strength in their backs, and although small as a class, can carry very heavy weights. Bags of corn weighing two hundred and forty pounds are considered no undue weight.

The dress of the men, curious to say, seemed to show more variety than that of the women. There were, however, no very great peculiarities except that in every case the great wool-lined, buttonless overcoat was secured round the waist by a girdle on which the whole æsthetic taste of the individual seemed to have been expended.¹ Twenty or thirty years ago the majority of them clean shaved the face and head except a round patch on the top of the head, from which the hair was allowed to fall down all round. Now this is changed, and although they wear the hair a little long, reminding one of the old Britons, they are as other men.

Although, to look at him, you might imagine the Russian peasant to be a creature in whom no great affection for anything could exist, a little intercourse with him suffices to banish that opinion. He has an inborn love for nature that one had scarcely looked for in such a seemingly careless and yet oppressed creature. The long winter buries from his sight all sign of vegetable life, but he misses it, and one was often surprised at the numbers of green plants that were lovingly cherished in these peasant homes, memories of the past and earnest of the future. Their love of children is also intense, and if the master whom they serve treats them kindly, no man could have more faithful followers.

¹ This overcoat often consisted of sheepskins, the skin outside trimmed with black wool, while the wool of the skin is inside. The skirt of the coat is almost always plaited.

The peasant either lives and works in his village or on the estate of some neighboring landlord. His life is very leisurely, so that, if working for a master, he is not very strict about his "hours." But he generally prefers to begin work very early and rest for three or four hours in the middle of the day. The women work together, and the men work together—at least such was the procedure on the estate where I got much of the following information. The wages given were as follows: for ordinary laborers, seven to twelve roubles a month, the wage varying according to the sort of work engaged in; for men in more responsible and permanent positions, fifteen to twenty roubles per month. A peasant girl's wage was from one hundred to one hundred and ten roubles a year.

The gap between peasant and noble is greater as regards education in Russia than in England, but not as regards wealth. There were some peasants in a village near us who were worth twenty-five thousand roubles, while there is a great portion of the Russian nobility not at all well off.¹ There was also in our immediate neighborhood a peasant who owned seventy *desiatines* (1 *desiatine* = 2.86 acres) of land, representing ten thousand roubles; while another, an old man with a capital of twelve thousand roubles and many fields, became famous for life by giving two hundred roubles to the collection at a harvest festival. Some of the nobility touch the peasant-life at many points, notably in the plain national fare which stress of circumstances lays on the table of both. So conservative, however, are the peasants that they will not change their mode of life one iota, even if they have made a net profit of many hundred roubles in a single year. The soil in the government of Poltava, where we were for some weeks, is of the richest in Russia;

and where in the winter one only sees a wild, wide waste of snow, the summer sun smiles on boundless expanses of yellow corn. The soil is perfectly black to appearance, and when wet with rain is positively inky.

The peasants of southern Russia are still very superstitious, especially those that live in the more out-of-the-way places. A few of them still believe in witches, while some rare members of the peasant community are credited by their fellows with supernatural powers. The following incident, for which I can vouch, took place at a village not far off from where I was staying. Two peasant girls who lived on my friend's estate went to a fair that was being held in the village. Of these girls one was known to have some supernatural powers; she was credited with being able to do uncanny things. On their way to the village fair this girl proposed to the other that they should have some fun, and added that she would take things from different stalls at the fair, making herself invisible to the stall-holders. The other girl was slightly amused; but knowing the secret powers that the popular voice associated with her friend, she determined to watch her carefully. According to her account, her friend walked round from stall to stall, lifting now one thing, now another, and all the time quite unmolested, so that she ran away home from the fair in terror, feeling certain that her witch-friend would be arrested every minute. It was no good suggesting to her that there was another possible manner of performing the same thing; the girl believed it was done through the supernatural powers of her companion. How it was done she could not, however, explain, although she said that her friend had given her a succinct account of the whole process. Again, the peasants allow the manes and tails of their wiry little horses to grow naturally; they often, in consequence, reach a considerable length, and it would seem no wonder if they got tangled, especially as their owners are not particular about combing them.

¹ Of course this is a state of affairs that exists probably in all countries; but in Russia, where the nobility form more than one per cent. of the population, it is true to a far greater extent than one can at first readily imagine.

There is, however, one particular form of tangle on the mane which the peasants do not comb when it occurs: one naturally wondered how it could have any special origin, but the peasants tell you that it is the night-work of a good spirit, who thus shows his love for the horse, and would be offended if the tangle were unravelled.

One particular superstition produces a somewhat unlooked-for effect. If you drive through a Russian village about 10 P.M., you will be struck by the absolute quiet that pervades the scene. Not a creature, man or dog, is visible moving about; the place has the air of a deserted village. Suppose by some rare untoward chance you come upon a group of men standing together apparently in conversation, you will notice that they speak in subdued tones and whispers, and wait so long as you please you will never hear them laugh. The cause is simply this: these Russian peasants believe in evil spirits, but, unlike the Chinese, they believe that they are attracted, not frightened, by sounds. And so, if some unlucky fate decree that the *mujik* be out of doors after 11 P.M., he is a painfully silent man. This feeling also extends to some of the southern towns. Kiev, the holy city of Russia, is a model in this respect. After 10 P.M. you may practically have the streets to yourself.

In this connection I may perhaps be allowed to make a slight digression. The vehicle that is in common use in southern Russia for journeys of any length is that known as the *troika*. This is probably familiar to English people as figuring often among other prints in the average school reader. It generally illustrates some blood-curdling episode, entitled "A Race for Life," or "Saved from the Wolves." It is generally drawn by three horses, the middle one of which is a strong, large animal, and goes at a steady trot, while on its flanks there are two lighter horses of a different breed that go along continually at the gallop. The points of the shafts are connected by the *duga*, which, like a great horse-shoe, stands above the collar of the trotter. Under-

neath the highest part of the *duga* is fastened a large bell, or even more than one, and as you dash along at fifteen miles an hour over the crisp snow and ice these bells give out a merry accompaniment. What I want to get at is the use of these bells. In Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's standard work on Russia there occurs this passage:—

The use of the bell is variously explained. Some say it is in order to frighten the wolves, and others that it is to avoid collisions on the narrow forest-paths. But neither of these explanations is entirely satisfactory. It is used chiefly in summer, when there is no danger of an attack from wolves; and the number of bells is greater in the south, where there are no forests. Perhaps the original intention was—I throw out the hint for the benefit of a certain school of archaeologists—to frighten away evil spirits; and the practice has been retained partly from unreasoning conservatism, and partly with a view to lessen the chances of collisions.

With regard to this view of the origin of these bells I simply remark—(1) That it is not an old custom; (2) bells are not used in one or two horse sleighs; (3) the peasants who are most superstitious do not use them; (4) there is no instance in Slavonian mythology of noise being used to frighten away evil spirits,—on the contrary, as was shown already, noise is supposed by the Russians to attract the evil spirits, hence why they are so quiet outside at night in village and in town, and hence also, as was remarked to me by a friend, why the Salvation Army will never succeed in Russia so long as they keep to some of their present methods. The origin of the use of bells on the *troika* is more probably to be sought for in a combination of circumstances—e.g., the merry accompaniment which would make the horses go faster, and their use in frightening wolves and serving as a signal to other sleighs. The bells often have joyous inscriptions on them, referring to the cheering part they play in the rush across the steppes.

Still keeping to superstition, we notice the vast aid that it gives to the Greek priest. It naturally follows that

in a community where the priest's first thought is how much he can get from the poor peasant for officiating at a christening, marriage, or funeral, he should be a man of little influence. The peasant cannot respect the average priest. The Greek priest cannot be compared with the Roman Catholic priest in point of influence. Indeed if it were not for a prevailing superstitious tendency among the Russians, the Greek Church *per se* might practically be non-existent. Its influence as a moral power is at a minimum. But the peasant goes to church, sees strange sights and hears strange sounds, and a feeling of awe possesses his soul; he feels that the priest knows and can do things that he cannot comprehend. One often hears the remark made that the Greek priests—i.e., the White Clergy or parish priests, as opposed to the Black Clergy or monks—are hostile to all schemes of universal and compulsory education, as the effect on the enlightened peasants would be to gradually banish superstition and enable them to see what is what. But this is really a mistaken view of the case. Schools imply schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and owing to the great distances and small salaries, it is most probable—nay, it is certain—that a son or daughter from the village manse would receive the appointment, and so increase the family income by a small but definite amount. It is a mistake, then, to suppose that it is the White Clergy who stand in the way of compulsory education.

From what I have remarked, I would not have you infer that there is absolutely no religious life among the peasants. Indeed it is much the other way. Although they may not often reverence their priest, still religion is something to them, and many of the ordinary duties and customs find their highest expression in matters connected with the Church. Thus, when the overseer of my friend's estate met his master for the first time after some years' absence, the Russian custom of kissing twice on one cheek and once on the other complied with (and this only

at the consent of the master), he drew carefully out of his pocket a napkin which he unrolled on the spot. It contained two small round loaves of sacramental bread which he had purchased from the priest after holy communion, and presented them to his master as a symbolical token of his affection.

It was often amusing to watch a peasant's face when the subject of wolves was broached. I had gone to Russia retaining a vivid impression—it dated from childhood, probably due to that school reader—of Russia as a country swarming with wolves, and had expected that the effect of merely mentioning the word "Wolves" to a peasant would be equivalent to that produced by saying "Rats" to a keen terrier. Instead of that, sometimes a smile, more occasionally a look of blank astonishment, passed over the *mujik's* face; this was annoying. It caused me to blurt out to my friend on one occasion, "Has he ever seen a wolf?" The prince translated. The peasant answered, "No." The fact is, that although in certain rare districts wolves may be said to be abundant, over very large tracts of land they are non-existent. I never saw a peasant who had seen a wolf. Many peasants have no idea what a wolf is. I was told of a child of ten who had recently described a wolf as wearing a red dress and being like a highway robber. This is of course absurd, but serves to show the state of ideas in some parts of the country. At the same time, from the way in which some of the more enlightened men spoke, it was evident that they stood in some fear of what they had never seen; this is probably the outcome of rumors and superstition. Round Moscow on the south, where wolves may be said to be abundant, you will not get one at less than one hundred roubles. I happened to meet a man who had spent many years of his life managing an estate in the neighborhood of Moscow, in what was supposed to be good wolf-country, and he had never seen one. The following method was described to me as em-

ployed by peasants and others to get a wolf. The forest where the wolves are will, of course, have many tracks leading through it; so you drive towards evening in a sleigh through the wood, the driver in front, while you sit behind with your back to the horses and your gun by your side. You have previously provided yourself with a piece of well-larded, roasted bacon, which gives a good smell. You then tie it up in a bag, and by a cord some twenty yards in length you drag it after the sleigh in your passage through the wood. You also provide yourself with a little sucking pig, which you pinch to make it squeal. The wolf is attracted by the sound and smell. Soon you see a pair of bright, shining lights keeping pace with the sleigh some thirty yards behind, playing in and out of the trees by the edge of the track. When the wolf makes its spring at what it believes to be the sucking pig you get your chance of a shot. Often, however, as the result of some instinctive knowledge, the sucking pig refuses to squeal lest it should disclose its presence.

Good bear-hunting is obtainable near St. Petersburg, but generally at extravagant prices. In this and other cases the proceeding is as follows: The peasants find Bruin's whereabouts, and, marking him down, do not disturb him, but go to St. Petersburg and sell him to a hunter for several hundred roubles. Then the hunter comes down; a battue is formed, in which perhaps one hundred peasants take part, and the hunter gets his opportunity. If he accepts it, good and well; if not, the bear escapes.

It would take considerably more than the space at my disposal were I to enter into any description of the curious medley of antique oddity and superstitious triviality that characterize a peasant christening, betrothal, marriage, or funeral. Each of these common enough experiences has become the centre of a wondrous scheme of realism and symbolism at once interesting if somewhat barbarous, suggestive if at times verging on the ludicrous,

and at any rate not degrading, although in some cases well-nigh pagan.

I should like to offer a remark or two upon emigration, in its relation to the Russian peasant, before passing to a final description of last Christmas day as spent among the peasants far out on the Russian steppes.

Even here, then, the soul-sadness of the emigrant is not unknown. It is at first an almost incredible idea, a Russian peasant having to emigrate. In the south there is a soil proverbially rich, a population of only forty-one to the square mile, and of square miles an infinity. Careful workers as they are, however, it does not fall to the lot of every Russian peasant to succeed. In the south his chances, from nature's point of view, are greater than in our land. But the relations between master and servant are not on the same high level, bad seasons are not unknown, the severity and extremes of the climate affect the individual indirectly if not directly; and while the landlord's estates are usually very large, many independent peasants own very little land. The government of Amur is a large Russian province in the north-east of Asia, embracing all the land on the left of the river Amur, with a considerable amount on the right bank also after the union of that river with the Ussuri. Here, as in the Dominion of Canada, free grants of land are offered to intending emigrants, and the whole country is thus gradually becoming thoroughly Russianized. The emigrants are not sent overland, but are shipped by the Black Sea round by Hong-Kong to their destinations. I well remember being present at an interview between two young Russian peasants, man and wife, intending emigrants, and my host, their former master. One could not understand the conversation, but their pathetic faces were a study. They spoke in soft, subdued, and yet decided tones, narrating the steps that had led them to this decision, explaining that they had counted the cost, but were going forward with a mighty trust in Providence. Their bravery and calmness

were marvellous, their patriotism intense, their humanity quite unmis-takable.

The adoption by the Greek Church, and consequently by Russia, of the Julian Calendar places Russian chronology twelve days behind ours. Consequently, if after spending Christmas here one arrives in Russia before a certain date, there is the possibility of spending two Christmas days in one year. Such was the lot that fell to the present writer. One Christmas day spent in a centre of beauty, civilization, and education; a hurried and tedious journey, and then a second Christmas day far away out on the steppes among their hardy children, surrounded by strange faces and unknown tongues.

That Christmas day dawned in true South Russian style: the wind and snow were chasing one another over the steppes, and neither would be restrained. Within the great square courtyard, one side of which was formed by the back of my host's mansion, the snow lay thick. Often the little chapel that stood in the centre of the yard was entirely obscured from view for a time, as some great gust of wind, bearing on its bosom some denser shower of snow, revelled across the spot. I sat by a back window that looked out on the court. In the early morning the daily routine of that country estate was gone through as usual. The two hundred and fifty horses were let out for their run in droves of fifty. They dashed across the courtyard and disappeared from sight in a cloud of snow as they tore out through the gateway to the open steppe beyond. The milch kine were led in and out, and the courtyard was alive with the busy peasants. The snow-storm was seemingly quite disregarded. One little event alone broke the usual routine. About midday a little band of what was apparently six boys, no two of whom were of the same size, could have been seen toiling across the yard in snow well up to their knees; the older boys led the younger ones by the hand. As they were making for the house I

went down to a sort of servants' hall that opened on to the courtyard; there I found my host already awaiting them. They burst into the room without a greeting, and went directly to the *ikon*, which stood in the corner of the room facing the door. The tallest lad carried a banner, which in shape represented a star done out in cloth and ribbons, with a bell attached. In the middle of the star was a picture of Christ in the manger of Bethlehem. The smaller boys stood round the banner-bearer, and with faces turned towards the *ikon* they began a Christmas carol, the refrain of which was, "Be glad because of the birth of Christ." They sang very fairly in tune, the oldest boy sustaining the burden, while the smallest with his shrill treble seemed to wander somewhere in the region of the star, the four others meanwhile filling in the harmonies. I was greatly struck with the volume of sound that was produced by that and other village choirs. The Russians have very powerful voices. Suddenly they broke off, and turning round with the usual greeting of "*Sdravstvuité*," bowed and awaited the liberality of the prince.

I understood that there was to be some sort of service in the chapel in the afternoon, at which a priest from the neighboring village would officiate. I resumed my seat by the window. During the early hours of the afternoon several men and women were engaged with spade and shovel clearing a way from the house to the chapel. They worked through the falling snow, and even at 3 P.M. in the afternoon the light was dim. Suddenly they stopped work and looked up; all the men took off their caps and stood bareheaded in the snow. A strange procession now appeared, wending its way from a door below me by slow and painful steps in the direction of the chapel. The leader was the priest, with long flowing auburn hair, "apparelled in magnificent attire," and as he passed the peasants, resting on their spades by the side of the track, he lifted up his hands and blessed them. Then came the prince,

following reverently in his wake, then the members of his household, while the peasants closed in on the rear. They reached the chapel and disappeared within, the peasants crowding round the door with bared heads. The service did not last very long.

In the evening all the peasants round were gathered into a large hall at the prince's invitation. After they were fed, they engaged in dancing and merry-making such as they love. I was astonished at the amount of pure alcohol that both men and women were able to swallow. The peasant women do not, however, drink spirits as a rule except at festivals. Their playfulness was that of little children; their humor was delightful, and their riddles wondrous hard to unravel—*e.g.*, one peasant asked another, "Whether would you rather have eight thousand roubles or eight children?" The answer came back quickly, "eight thousand roubles;" but the questioner retorted with philosophic dignity, "Nay, it were better to have eight children than eight thousand roubles; for if you had the latter you would never be content, whereas if you had the former you would be content." It was now midnight, but at 12 P.M. in Russia the night is still young. Outside, the storm still thundered; inside, a few dim lamps shed an uncertain light on the assembled multitude. The dancing had spontaneously ceased, and the peasants relapsed into silence or talked in soft whispers one to the other. One end of the hall was whitewashed; the floor was bare. The prince placed a small table in the middle of the room, and quickly set on it an old-time magic-lantern. He then spoke to the peasants a few words about the history of the day on which they were now gathered. He next flashed on the wall some pictures representing early scenes in the life of the Christ, and explained them. Never have I seen such reverence, such childlike wonder, such spirit of humility. They sat on the floor or stood round the wall absolutely motionless, lost in a sense of wonder and astonishment. It is all over now;

they are singing a chorale before they part; but the thrill in their great strong voices as it filled that spacious hall far out on the steppes, in the centre of a benighted land, was to me as the cherished plant in the peasant's hut, a memory of the past and an earnest of the future.

J. Y. S.

From *The National Review*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD IN HIS LETTERS.¹

Everything relating to an interesting man is interesting; and few men in our time, if any, have had more attraction for serious minds than Matthew Arnold. His "Letters," therefore, numerous though they be, have been eagerly welcomed. Here and there, I think, expressions of opinion concerning persons still alive should have been omitted; for, though legitimate enough in a private communication, they may, when published to the world, be wounding to individuals whose just susceptibilities Matthew Arnold himself would have been the first to respect. For the rest, the "Letters," written without any thought of posthumous publication, express the same opinions, hopes, fears, projects, and admonitions, with which his published works have made us all so familiar; but the expression of them here is so simple, so direct, as to invest them with a special charm of their own. The kindly satirist, the urbane master of irony, alone is absent from them; for they are addressed, for the most part, to his mother, his wife, or where not to persons closely related to him either by blood or by marriage, then to intimate friends. The style, as might have been expected of so finished and fastidious a scholar, is straightforward, unaffected, and free from violence or exaggeration. That he should have found time to write them is astonishing. That he did find time, affords pleasing evidence of the unselfishness

¹ Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888. Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. Macmillan & Co.

of his character, and of the warmth of his affections. For many readers, the chief interest in the "Letters" will probably be the frequent mention of well-known figures in the past and present generation. Whatever interest there may be in the following pages will arise solely from the genius, the character, and the labors, of Matthew Arnold himself.

Poet, critic, servant of the State, moral and spiritual teacher, Matthew Arnold was all these, and more; and his "Letters" enable us to see what it was he desired to accomplish in each of those vocations, and how far he succeeded. Some persons, not quite justly, I think, have discerned a certain vein of egotism, almost of intellectual self-complacency, in some of his published prose works. But no one would tax him with that foible in letters that were addressed to those nearest and dearest to him, and that were never intended for publication. Hence nothing but sympathy is stirred in us when he writes to his mother, in May, 1853, that Lord John Russell has said he is the one rising poet of the day, and that this opinion has pleased him greatly; or to another correspondent, a couple of years earlier, that he has been reading Goethe's letters, Bacon, Pindar, Sophocles, and Thomas à Kempis, and that he intends to retire more and more from the modern world and modern literature, "which is only what has been before and what will be again, and not bracing nor edifying in the least. I have not," he goes on, "looked at the newspapers for months, and when I hear of some fresh dispute or rage that has arisen it sounds quite historical." When he received an appointment as inspector of schools, he thinks he shall get interested in them after a little time, but adds, "we"—for he was now married—"we shall certainly have a good deal of moving about; but we both like that well enough, and we can always look forward to retiring to Italy on £200 a year." Thus do so many of us look forward to a wise old age of Epicurean renunciation, only to get ever more and

more involved in the wide issues of national life and human conflict.

About the same date, he says he intends seriously to see what he can do "in the literary way"—for he writes quite colloquially, though the above phrase would have jarred terribly on his nerves, if met with in a printed page—that might increase his income. He finds examining thirty pupil-teachers in a day, "in an inconvenient room, and with nothing to eat except a biscuit," very hard work, and he indulges in a day-dream of living at Berne on a diplomatic appointment, and "how different would that be from this incessant grind of schools." He is irritated by the praise, which he considers excessive, bestowed on Alexander Smith, one of the many immortal poets, alack! of the last forty years already more or less forgotten, and whom he characterizes as "a phenomenon of a very dubious character. Il fait son métier—faisons le nôtre," he goes on, and tells his sister that he is occupied with writing something that gives him more pleasure than anything he has done yet, "which is a good sign." This something is "Sohrab and Rustum," which again he says, in writing to his mother, he has had the greatest pleasure in composing, "a rare thing with me." He pays a visit to Oxford, and complains of its "faccid snaws," and its "poor pottering habits, compared with the students of Paris, or Germany, or even of London." He is thus already—October. 1854—an educational reformer in embryo, and beginning to form those conclusions concerning the intellectual phillistinism of his countrymen which finally assumed so combative a shape. In December of the same year was published Matthew Arnold's "Poems, Second Series," and he thinks it will maintain him in public estimation pretty much at the point which its predecessor left him, and neither advance nor diminish his literary reputation. He is more and more troubled by the feeling that he does not do his inspecting work satisfactorily. Then comes the characteristic reflection, "But I have also

lately had a stronger wish than usual not to vacillate and be helpless, but to do my duty, whatever that may be, and out of that wish one nearly always hopes to make something." Surely there are not, in the range of family correspondence, many more agreeable passages than this, written by a man of thirty-four to his "dearest mother." Does it not make us love and honor them both? Matthew Arnold was a true spiritual eupatrid, the pious son of a pious father.

In the following year, 1855, he publishes "Balder," and thinks it will consolidate the peculiar sort of reputation he got by "Sohrab and Rustum;" but what he intends to do next is to be wholly different. He reads "Modern Painters," and deems the author, notwithstanding his imaginative penetration, "too febrile and irritable to allow him to possess the *ordo concatenatioque veri*." In a letter dated April, 1856, there is a passage which must be cited textually:—

My poems are making their way, I think, though slowly, and perhaps never to make way very far. There must always be some people, however, to whom the literalness and sincerity of them have a charm. After all, that American review, which hit upon this last, their sincerity, was not far wrong. It seems to me strange sometimes to hear of people taking pleasure in this or that poem which was written years ago, which then nobody took pleasure in but you ["you," was his sister; it is always a man's sister, or some near dear woman, that finds out his genius first] which I then fancied nobody took pleasure, and since I had made up my mind that nobody was likely to. . . . I think I shall be able to do something more in time, but am sadly bothered and hindered at present, and that puts one in *deprimirter Stimmung*, which is a fatal thing. To make habitual war on depression and low spirits, which in one's early youth one is apt to indulge in, is one of the things one learns as one gets older. They are noxious alike to body and mind, and already partake of the nature of death.

Would it not be well for some gifted spirits among us to meditate the closing passage of that quotation, and to

make it the text of their constant self-discipline? Then they would not be, as Arnold elsewhere says, in his verse

with aspect marred,
Shorn of the *joy*, the bloom, the power,
Which best befits the bard.

Time moves on with him, as with the rest of people; but he still writes as regularly, as frankly, as affectionately as ever, to his dear mother, his dear wife, his dear sister, and his cherished friends, His poems have now been reviewed in various quarters; and one of the lessons this experience teaches him is "the determination in print to be always scrupulously polite. The bane of English reviewing and newspaper writing is, and has always been, its 'grossièreté!'" Let us hope there has been some improvement in that respect since then, due in some measure perhaps to the example of urbanity set by Arnold himself; though, were he still with us, he might possibly think that, in some quarters, there is yet room for amendment.

There are several references in the "Letters" to *Merope*, and none of them more interesting than where we are told that Froude begged him to "discontinue the *Merope* line," in which advice I think Froude was right. But though "the leading literary men," as the same letter informs us, speak very generously of him as a poet, the public—what public, one half wonders?—withholds its encouragement. I remember his once saying that the reputation of an author is made, not by what is written of him in the public prints, but by the opinion casually expressed, in private conversation, by certain persons whose number is very limited; their verdict gradually filtering downward, and becoming in course of time the conclusion accepted by the world at large. But, when he said this, he was no longer young, and had ceased craving for any stimulus to exertion from "the public," and had come to recognize that, as regards work of the higher and more permanent order, fit audience must generally be few.

In 1859 he was sent to the Continent

by the Education Department on an official mission. He was delighted at this, for foreign life is, he declares, *liberating* in the highest degree, although he adds, with sound practical wisdom, "I get more and more satisfied to live in England, and am convinced I shall work best in the long run by living in the country which is my own." He goes to Switzerland, Holland, France, and, in the course of the correspondence narrating his experience, already exhibits the disposition to rebuke his poor countrymen for their shocking bad qualities, which later on became, if one may say so, somewhat of a mania with him. "The worst of the English," he writes from Paris, "is that on foreign politics they search so very much more for what they wish to be true, than for what *is* true. In Paris there is certainly a larger body of people than in London who treat foreign affairs as a science, as a matter to *know* upon before *feeling* upon." I confess I have put a very large "query" opposite this passage, as likewise a note of exclamation opposite another, almost immediately preceding it, in which he writes: "Lord Cowley shared my conviction as to the French always beating any number of Germans who came into the field against them." This, within eleven years of Sedan, Metz, and Paris! On his return home, he comments on "the hideous English toadyism with which lords and great people are invested with commands in the Volunteer Rifle corps they join, quite without respect of any considerations of their efficiency. This proceeds from our national bane, the immense vulgar-mindedness, and, so far, real inferiority of the English middle-classes." He would be a fanatical admirer of his country who denied that the special form of "toadyism" here referred to is a national foible. But one would have thought a shrewd observer, fresh from a visit to France, would not have failed to observe that what that country has been suffering from for the last hundred years is the want of born leaders, and that even "toadyism," ugly as it is, is a small price to pay for our

admitted superiority over our neighbors in one all-important respect, viz., the existence of a sort of natural authority which assists discipline and diminishes the intensity of excessive personal rivalry. Nor, one would submit, is it quite accurate to say that this traditional tendency to "invest lords and great people with command" is often indulged in "without respect of *any* considerations of their efficiency." We have just seen, and most persons with much satisfaction, "lords and great people" invited by "the English middle-classes" of some of our largest towns to accept the position and duties of mayor. Would Matthew Arnold have lamented this, or perceived in it real "inferiority and vulgar-mindedness"? Using the word in no party sense, but rather in its theoretical signification, one is disposed to say that, coming out of the nest he did, and a most beautiful and admirable nest it was, Matthew Arnold was perhaps too much imbued in his earlier days with the abstract creed of Liberalism. It is a most generous and attractive creed. But is it not, and was not he, a little deficient in that reverence for the past, that belief in the common sense of mankind, and that shrewd suspicion that what has lasted a very long time has probably something to say for itself, which is the foundation, I imagine—again, one speaks in no party sense—of intelligent Conservatism? When put in practice, it no doubt occasionally assumes the aspect of what is called pig-headedness. But even this pig-headedness sometimes staves off, for a considerable interval, the date at which a nation is driven to the market-place where hasty philanthropists bid against each other and is finally immolated on the altar of abstract reason.

In December of that same year, 1859—it is perhaps well to bear in mind that he was then thirty-seven—he congratulates himself on having made the acquaintance of Ernest Renan "between whose line of endeavor and my own," he writes, "I imagine there is considerable resemblance. The difference is, perhaps, that he tends to

inculcate *morality*, in a high sense of the word, upon the French nation as what they most want; while I tend to inculcate *intelligence*, also in a high sense of the word, upon the English nation as what they most want; but, with respect both to morality and intelligence, I think we are singularly at one in our ideas, and also with respect to the prospects of the established religion of the present day." Concerning which closing remark, may we not say that coming events cast their shadows before? This is the earliest indication in the "Letters" of the part he was to play in the arena of theological controversy and whither many of his warmest admirers would prefer not to follow him. During his visit to Paris, he made the acquaintance of several distinguished French men of letters, notably, among these, of Sainte Beuve. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*; and the French critic admired the English poet almost as much as the English poet admired the French critic. We see what ensued in the following passage in a letter to his "dearest mother." "What Sainte Beuve says of me is charmingly said. I value his praise both in itself, and because it carries one's name through the literary circles of Europe in a way that no English praise can carry it." And then he adds, with perfect truth: "Apart from that, to any one but a glutton of praise, *the whole value of it lies in the mode in which it is administered*; and this is administered by the first living critic, and with a delicacy for which one would look in vain here." Visiting Oxford in May, 1861, he observes that its intellectual atmosphere seems more perturbed and exacerbated than of old, and ends by observing: "If I was disposed to fly for refuge to the country and its sights and sounds against the rather humdrum life which prevailed here in old times, how much more am I disposed to do this now, convinced as I am that irritations and envyings are not only negatively injurious to one's spirit, like dulness, but positively and actively." I have often thought he was never quite just to Oxford, and some-

times he seemed almost ungrateful to his *Alma Mater*, from, I suppose, some unconsciousness of how much he owed her. Perhaps those only who have been denied the happy privilege of being among her sons, are aware of the value of such high parentage. Oxford sends her children into the world with credentials which she alone can bestow; and, if they happen to distinguish themselves in any walk of life, she at once remembers they are of her rearing, shows herself proud of them, sedulously fosters their reputation, and ministers to their fame by unceasingly extolling their achievements. Oxford did this for Matthew Arnold, as she has done it in our day for others of her *alumni*; and they have thereby enjoyed an almost incalculable advantage over their less fortunate fellows in the honorable race for distinction.

While showing himself, as we have seen, not insensible to praise when administered in the right manner, Matthew Arnold was commendably free from the too common literary foible of touchiness in respect of adverse criticism. What he objected to was rudeness in criticism, what he characterizes as "grossièreté." Therefore he writes to his sister: "You will have seen the amenities of the ——. It seems affected to say any one does not care for such things, but I do really think my spirits rebound after them sooner than most people's. The fault of the reviewer, as of English criticism generally, is that, whereas criticism is the most delicate matter in the world, and wants the most exquisite lightness of touch, he goes to work in such a desperate, heavy-handed manner, like a bear (*sic*) in a china-shop, if a bear can be supposed to have hands."

One reads, in another letter to his mother, a year later, that he would rather live in a purer air than that of controversy, and that when he has done two more "things" which he *must* do, he means to leave it altogether, and to devote himself wholly to "what is positive and happy, not negative and contentious in literature." Nevertheless his contributions to controversy

augment in number, and his "positive and happy" ones, his poems, grow fewer and fewer, rarer and rarer, though he makes the acquaintance of Sir M. Grant-Duff, and tells his mother that "they" meaning thereby Sir M. Grant-Duff and his family, "are great likers of my poetry, and have long been so;" and though we find him addressing her again, a twelvemonth later, "After the summer I mean to lie fallow again for some time, or to busy myself with poetry only." Of course these are colloquial phrases; but there seems to underlie them the assumption that a man can write poetry, and can abstain from writing it, just as he pleases. Is not that a dangerous assumption? And does not a grave peril await the poet who refuses the visitations of the muse because he is occupied at the moment with other things, and fancies he can keep the heavenly caller waiting at the door till it be convenient to him to open it? When, at length, he would let her in, he will probably find she has gone.

It was only natural that cultivated people should be interested in the champion of culture; and accordingly, from this time onward, we find the writer of these letters "going out" a good deal. Unfortunately, cultivated people not unoften consort with people not particularly cultivated; and thus culture gets considerably diluted by something very different. Matthew Arnold soon became conscious of this. "I had a pleasant visit," he writes in 1863, "to —; but the life of these country houses (as I now neither shoot nor hunt, which I should have done to excess had I not been torn away from them) wearies me more and more, with its endless talking and radical want of occupation." But he continues to pay these visits, and always with the same result, and only to repeat the same reflections. "We had another great dinner in the evening, with dancing afterwards. The next morning I breakfasted in my own room. These occasional appearances in the world I like—no, I do not like them, but they do one good, and one learns something from them; but, as a general rule, I

agree with all the men of soul, from Pythagoras to Byron, in thinking that this type of society is the most drying, wasting, depressing, and fatal thing possible." Four years later, when he was in his forty-sixth year, he writes in exactly the same half-impenitent vein. "I feel more than most people the distressing influence, on which Byron in one of his letters writes so strongly, of London society, and am sure I can do most when I am away from it, though I like it well enough." Some years later on again, and when he was living at Pains Hill Cottage, Cobham, he makes the remark, "We dine out too much,—four days in the week."

Not quite the life for a man of imagination, at a period of existence when he should be in the full exercise of his powers; and one may suspect he would not have dined out four days a week had the poet in him not been gradually but only too surely dying. At last we find him informing his mother that his official chief in the Education Department has been exhorting him "to write more poetry!" It would require his own fine vein of humor to dilate fittingly on the irony of that exhortation.

Not irony, however, but sighs and lamentations, would be the proper commentary on the gradual subsidence in him of the poetic impulse, were one forced to believe that it had ever been the one imperative force in his character and genius. A born poet he unquestionably was. But he was a born critic likewise. If the critical faculty could have been kept in abeyance till his powers as a poet had reached maturity, it would have helped him to introduce criticism of life into his verse, without any injury to the latter. Unfortunately, the critical impulse was, from the very beginning, more powerful in him than the poetic impulse, the disposition to analyze and to teach more imperious than the promptness to feel and the tendency to sing. The consequence was he began to criticise life before he had lived,¹ and

¹ He has himself observed in one of his essays, with his customary penetration: "Every one can

to do that most difficult of all things, viz., give utterance to the imaginative reason before he had become master of the instrument of verse. I have heard a sincere admirer of him affirm that he never became quite master of that instrument, and though, if one may say so, one would endorse without qualification the unflattering estimate he invariably expressed of poetry which is all sound and color, and conspicuously deficient in subject matter, one could hardly controvert the opinion that attributes to him, as a writer of verse, a frequent disregard of sensuous beauty. Moreover, it was because of this early development in him of the reasoning and moralizing faculty that his mastery over the instrument of verse was not unoften unsatisfactory. He laid too heavy a burden on his young muse, which never recovered from this premature forcing of its powers. Wise breeders of horses do not ask young colts to carry heavy loads; and young Pegasus, if he is to have justice done to him, must be treated with similar consideration. Kindly Nature herself usually takes that precaution with her poetic children, and arranges that they shall feel before they reflect, that they shall acquire the habit of singing before they begin to moralize. In "The Progress of Poetry," Gray, speaking of Shakespeare in his childhood, says that, when the mighty mother unveiled to him her face,

the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.

It is scarcely too much to say that, in his very earliest verse, Matthew Arnold frowned rather than smiled—frowned as a teacher might frown who thinks he has discovered everything is going amiss in the school it is his mission to instruct. His first poem is a lament over "a thousand discords," "man's

see that a poet ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry." But he himself, as a poet, dealt with them before he had lived; dealt with them under the inspiration, not of personal experience, but of his recollections of Sophocles, Goethe, Wordsworth, and others; in other words, under literary not living inspiration.

fitful uproar," "our vain turmoil," and "noisy schemes." We turn the page, to read that there are "bad days," that "we ask and ask, while Shakespeare smiles and is free," and that it has become "a monotonous, dead, unprofitable world." That these utterances were perfectly sincere, and no mere metrical affectation, who can doubt that is acquainted with the general body of Matthew Arnold's poetry? Here, for instance, are some notable but strictly representative passages, mostly written while he was still a young man:—

But we, brought forth and reared in
hours

Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before.
We have had time to breathe.

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harassed, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's
wide
And luminous view to gain.
(*In Memory of the Author of "Obermann."*)

Ah! two desires toss about
The poet's feverish blood.
One drives him to the world without,
And one to solitude.

He who hath watched, not shared, the
strife,
Knows how the day hath gone.

He only lives with the world's life
Who hath renounced his own!
(*The Same.*)

Wandering between two worlds, one
dead,

The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn:
Their faith, my tears, the world deride,
I come to shed them at your side.

There yet perhaps may dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.
Sons of the world, oh haste those years,
But, till they rise, allow our tears.
(*Stranger from the Grand Chartreuse.*)

He laments, in the same poem, that
Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order too;
adding,

But now the old is out of date,
The new is not yet born,
And who can be alone elate,
While the world lies forlorn?

Nor is it only in poems whose subject, it might perhaps be urged, not unnaturally leads to the expression of such sentiments, that we meet with this lament over the unfavorable conditions and character of the age. After several stanzas of tranquil idyllic beauty in the lovely poem, "The Scholar Gypsy," he breaks forth once more into the old note of condemnation and regret:—

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames,
Before this strange disease of modern life
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'er-taxed, its palsied hearts,
was rife,
Fly hence, our contact fear!

This is only half a stanza, and there are ten whole ones—in fact almost half of the poem—in the same sad key. The memorial verses on Wordsworth reiterate a kindred conclusion; and, even in such a poem as "A Southern Night," we are again admonished that

We see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess one soul
Before we die.

Surely it would not be difficult to show that, as a criticism of life, the foregoing verses are scarcely just, since there were quite as many "hours of change, surprise, alarm," in the time of Shakespeare as in our own, and no more "shelter to grow ripe," or "leisure to grow wise," than now. Tranquillity is attainable in any age by the truly wise; and can there ever have been a time when "the poet's feverish blood" was not "tossed about by two desires"?

It was not, however, in order to com-

ment on their drift that the foregoing passages have been cited, but, rather, to show, firstly, that the ethical element in them predominates conspicuously over the emotional element; and secondly, that, when they were written, the author was too young, and as yet too imperfect a master of the instrument he was using, to strike so high a note quite successfully. There is something almost unnatural in a young writer's ideal being Tranquillity; nor is Serenity the gift a kind fairy would hang on the cradle of one of its favorites. Rather is it the crown of mature days whose combats are over, and when the more personal passions have subsided. A cloudless April bodes no good to the husbandman; and a tranquil youth, were such possible, would be the worst conceivable apprenticeship for a poet. The *infantum voces flentes in limine primo*, the young bewildered voices wailing on the threshold of existence, represent what we conceive, and what we know of, the early utterances of poets who afterwards attained ripeness and serenity. It is Goethe himself, whose serenity Matthew Arnold so much admired, but who had hardly attained, or was even in pursuit of it, when he wrote "The Sorrows of Werther" or "Gotz von Berlichingen," that observes: "No youth can be a teacher." The business of the young poet is not to teach, but to learn; to learn in suffering, but *in suffering rightly and largely understood*, what he may afterwards, teach in song.

This, I think, is the first thing that strikes one in reading, even with sincere sympathy and admiration, Matthew Arnold's verse. What strikes one next is that this premature craving for tranquillity, this too precocious reasoning and moralizing tendency, hampered him, as yet necessarily a novice, in the use of his instrument. "Buried a wave beneath" is an awkward inversion, and "Goethe's wide and luminous view to gain" is yet more open to criticism. In "Oh! two desires toss about," a syllable seems to be lacking. In the couplet, "Sons of the world, O haste

those years; But, till they rise, allow our tears;" neither the word "haste" nor the word "rise" seems to be quite the word that is wanted.

It would be invidious, and it is nowise necessary, to insist on this point; and, if allusion has been made to it, it was only in order to show that imperfect mastery over his instrument arose from the too early ripening of his powers, from the premature introduction into his verse of reflection and philosophy, and from his having, so to speak, essayed to soar a very considerable height before he had quite learnt to fly. Whether this defect would have been in time repaired, had he so shaped his life that he could have responded at once to any visitings from the muse that might happily befall him, who can say? But, as we have seen, and as everybody will perceive who reads the entire series of "Letters," his life was shaped in an entirely different manner, and for a time he seemed to imagine that he could "take up" poetry, or "leave it alone," just as it suited him. One of the impressions left on the mind by the "Letters" is, not only that he was continually dining out and continually paying visits, but that he was perpetually on the move. It will perhaps be said that as an Inspector of schools he could hardly be stationary, and that is true. But had he jealously and, so to speak, savagely reserved for stationariness, or at least for solitude, all the time that remained over from the performance of his official duties, he would at least have given a better chance to that part of his nature which appertained distinctively to the poet. As it was, this part of him was gradually subordinated and finally sacrificed to prose controversy and to social amenities. And so it came to pass that, at length, he was urged to write more poetry by Mr. Mundella.

There is a highly suggestive sentence in one of the letters, which runs thus: "Perfection in the region of the highest poetry demands a tearing of oneself to pieces, which men do not readily consent to, *unless driven by their demon to do so.*" There, surely, we have

the explanation of which we are in search, in eight words? Though he has left works in verse that will not die, "Thyrsis," "The Scholar Gipsy," "Obermann once more," etc., still at no time of his life did Matthew Arnold "tear himself to pieces." He preferred to cultivate tranquillity. He wrote some beautiful poetry, but he was not *driven by his demon to do so*, and at length he ceased to write poetry altogether.

Little or nothing has been said here concerning Matthew Arnold, the writer of refined and exquisite prose, the acute literary critic, the forcible yet urbane controversialist, the zealous spiritual teacher, the untiring advocate of sweetness and light, the moralist whose utterances were all inspired by high seriousness. But, to point out what a man has done in one domain of mental energy, and to forget altogether what he did in other domains, is to do him great injustice. Yet is not this what nearly all of us do to those writers who have worked for us with a generous versatility? We lay stress on that portion of his work in which we ourselves, in our narrowness, and with our limitations, alone are interested, and pass over the rest. We insist on his poetry and ignore his prose, or we extol the prose and forget the poetry; or, perhaps, we remember his idylls because we happen to like these best since they are just suited to our capacity and comprehension, and treat as non-existent, or as of no importance, longer and nobler poems, because these are caviare to us. Let us not do that injustice to Matthew Arnold. If his poems had been his sole contribution to the good of his fellow-creatures, he would still have deserved to be kept in eternal remembrance by them. Had he written no verse, but only the literary, the religious, and the spiritual criticism he has left behind him, he would still have merited immunity from oblivion. But he wrote both verse and prose, beautiful verse, delightful prose, and did so much beside, as a servant of the State, as a friend of education, as a champion of

whatever he thought for the benefit of the human race. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say of him:—

omne immensum peragravit mente animoque.

The area of his intellectual activity was immense; so large, indeed, that it is only by an effort of memory we can picture to ourselves its extent.

But higher praise still has surely to be bestowed on Matthew Arnold. He was a man of rare gifts. But he was likewise a model son, a model husband, a model citizen. Genius, though not an every-day phenomenon, is, I suppose, as frequent in these days as in others; and, perhaps, there never was, before, so much cleverness as is now to be observed in almost every walk of life. But character—character that shows itself in filial piety, in conjugal tenderness, in good and conscientious citizenship—is perhaps not too conspicuous, especially in persons exceptionally endowed. One looks in vain for a serious blemish in Matthew Arnold's character. It has been said, surely with truth,

Not all the noblest songs are worth
One noble deed.

But, in his case, there is no antithesis between teaching and example. He wrote beautiful songs; and his life, as these letters show, was one long noble deed.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From Temple Bar.
THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The publication of Herr Heinrich Gätke's book on "Heligoland as an Ornithological Observatory" marks an epoch in the history of the fascinating subject of bird migration.

These mysterious movements, by which many birds pass regularly between their breeding and winter quarters, have long excited the wonder

and admiration of man. Yet, in spite of much scattered attention to the subject by ornithologists and others, our knowledge of bird migration for long remained very imperfect. But the year 1880 marked the initiation of a movement which has brought us much nearer to a right understanding of the subject. For in that year Professor Newton, in a paper read before the British Association, suggested the systematic collection of information from the various lighthouses and lightships round our coasts. This was to be accomplished by the issue of printed slips, indicating the sort of information wanted, to all the keepers of the lights. A committee was formed to carry out the work, and from that time they have yearly prepared a voluminous report of the information thus collected. The work thus officially carried on was, it must be noted, commenced privately by two well-known ornithologists, Messrs. Cordeaux and Harvie Brown. Notable among the contributors to these reports has been the name of Gätke of Heligoland. And from the keenness and sagacity of his observations, not less than from the uniqueness of the position of his observatory, his reports are of special interest and importance.

And now we have before us in an English dress the records of fifty years' observations of the feathered hosts passing to and fro over this island rock in the North Sea. The results thus gathered together are of supreme interest and importance, and—along with those collected round our own shores—throw quite a flood of light on the obscurities of bird migration.

Most of us who have not specially studied the subject probably think of migration merely as a great north and south movement, by which the birds on the approach of winter move to warmer latitudes, and return in the spring. There is, however, besides this a great east and west movement between eastern Asia and western Europe. Heligoland, lying right in the route of these latter migrants, and being likewise passed over by many

¹ Heligoland as an Ornithological Observatory, by Heinrich Gätke. Translated by Rudolph Rosentock, M.A. David Douglas, Edinburgh, 1886.

of the north and south migrating species, is uniquely situated for observation, well deserving the title of an "Ornithological Observatory."

One of the most unexpected facts ascertained by these recent observations is, that the vast majority of our so-called *resident* birds are more or less migratory. Such common and familiar species as starlings, thrushes, larks, chaffinches, etc., leave our country every autumn in immense flocks for the east. This is proved by observations from the lighthouses. Along our east coast they are seen flying eastwards over the North Sea. In the course of a few hours they pass Heligoland, or alighting there for a short rest, presently pass on again eastwards. But, it may be said, are not these species just as numerous with us *after* this supposed autumn migration eastwards? Probably this is true, and the explanation is that while so many of our own birds go east for the winter, others of the same species come to us from the east, and take their place. These are observed flying westwards over Heligoland, and arriving on our east coasts. In spring it would appear that our birds return to their breeding quarters, while our eastern visitors depart. Sometimes, indeed, the influx of visitors from the east exceeds the number of the departing, and we notice an increase in those remaining for the winter. This is the case with the pretty little gold-crest. It is not a rare breeding bird with us, but its numbers are largely reinforced by fresh arrivals in the autumn.

This annual interchange of the same species between western Europe and Asia disposes of one of the assumptions on which most modern explanations of the origin of migration have been founded. For it has been generally assumed that migration originated in cold and lack of food, which drove the birds to seek more favored lands. But if vast numbers of certain species leave this country in the autumn, while others of the same species still find sufficient food and warmth during the winter, it cannot be lack of these which

drove the former away. The migratory range of the familiar willow-warbler confirms this view, for the breeding and winter quarters of this bird overlap. Thus it is found breeding from North Africa to the North Cape in Norway, while it winters from North to Central Africa. Thus while those breeding in Norway find it warm enough to winter in North Africa, those which have bred there go still further south. Again, take the case of the swift. The swift leaves us in August, but the swallows and martins, living on the same sort of food, remain several weeks longer. And August, the month of the swift's departure, is *warmer* than May, the month of its arrival!

The westward migration route over Heligoland is not only used by birds which intend to winter with us, but also by others whose winter quarters are Spain and North Africa. Of these latter Richard's pipit is an interesting example. The breeding quarters of this bird, as far as at present known, are confined to the province of Daüria, east of Lake Baikal. From thence a part pass south to winter in China and India. But a considerable number turn westward, cross the greater part of northern Asia and Europe, and passing over Heligoland, reach our eastern coast. They do not, however, remain with us, but turn southwards to winter in Spain and North Africa. In the spring, curiously enough, they do not return the same way, but go in a direct north-east course to their distant breeding quarters. It is only in the autumn that it is met with in England, and very rarely is a stray specimen seen on Heligoland in the spring.

The brambling is another interesting example of indirect migration to winter quarters. Breeding chiefly in northern Scandinavia, this bird first travels south, and then turning west crosses the North Sea to Scotland. From thence numbers of them pass south again, wintering, perhaps, in Spain, or even crossing to Africa.

Other species, on the contrary, seem to adhere rigidly to a north and south line of flight, only passing those places

whose longitude lies within that of their breeding range. Thus the red-spotted blue-throat, which breeds from Kamschatka to central and northern Norway, in passing to its winter quarters in southern Asia and the eastern half of North Africa, occurs regularly in Heligoland, but scarcely ever reaches England, although a very slightly westward deviation would bring it to our shores. The red-throated pipit, on the other hand, which does not breed quite so far to the west, scarcely ever reaches Heligoland, although here again a slight deviation to the west would bring it across the island.

With regard to rate of migration flight, Gätke has arrived at some striking results. It appears that some birds observe regularly not only the seasons, but even their hours of flight. Thus it is noted that the vanguard of the long flight of hooded crows migrating westward leaves Heligoland about eight o'clock in the morning, arriving on the opposite point of our east coast at eleven; while the rearguard, leaving about two, arrives here at five o'clock. This gives a rate of about one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. Do they get hotel quarters ordered in advance? or is the food supply of the neighborhood equal to the emergency? For the northern blue-throat Gätke arrives at the much more rapid rate of two hundred and eight miles an hour. On the supposition that this bird—which breeds up to latitude 54° N., and winters by the Nile and in Central Africa—performs the whole distance of sixteen hundred geographical miles during a single spring night of nine hours, the rate of one hundred and eighty geographical, or two hundred and eight British miles an hour is given. Still more rapidly, according to Gätke, must the Virginian plover speed over the waters on its migratory journey. Breeding in Labrador, this bird migrates to northern Brazil for the winter. Now on the supposition—which observation renders probable—that it often performs this journey in one uninterrupted flight, and with the assumption—which appears

reasonable—that the longest time a bird can remain on the wing is fifteen hours, the enormous rate of two hundred and forty-five miles an hour is given. In the case of species which migrate at considerable heights—and the greater number seem to do so—the less dense strata of the atmosphere through which they move must assist the velocity of flight. Thus the migrating swarms frequently pass Heligoland far beyond the reach of human vision, sometimes still making their presence known by their cries, at others not even thus perceptible. But the height seems to depend on the weather, and under certain conditions they break their journey, and alight on Heligoland. It is to this fact that we owe the valuable series of observations before us.

In the case of the Virginian plover, we have also brought very vividly before us the extraordinary distance a bird can travel. And this same species, which habitually migrates from Labrador to Brazil, occasionally occurs in Heligoland, having apparently traversed the whole breadth of the Atlantic. Other stray American birds which are found now and again in Heligoland, and in our own country, may possibly have done the same. Possibly, indeed, some of our own species cross the ocean to America. For in the British Association report for 1887, we find the following:—

At Rathlin O'Brine (West Donegal) immense flocks of birds, starlings, thrushes, and fieldfares—passed west from December 18th to 23rd. The nearest land to the west of this rocky island is America. This is not an isolated occurrence. The westerly flight of land birds at stations off the west coast of Ireland has been noticed on other occasions.

The report adds that the migration is apparently as reckless as that of lemming; but may it not be that some, at least, of these birds actually reached America?

As an illustration of the distance a bird can fly, the knot is an interesting example. This bird apparently breeds—for its eggs and nest have not yet been found—in some unknown Polar

land lying, as Gätke thinks, between the Jeanette Islands and the Pole. On its autumn migration it has been met with in New Zealand, having thus traversed nearly half the circumference of the globe!

Other birds whose nesting stations are still unknown—the brant goose, bernacle goose, Ross's gull, and the curlew sandpiper—are supposed to breed in the same *terra incognita*. It is to be noted, however, that in his recent expedition to the island of Kolguev, Trevor-Battye was assured by the natives that the bernacle goose nested in the north of the island.

It has been generally believed—and indeed all attempts to explain migration have been founded on the assumption—that the old migrate with the young, and act as leaders and guides. From Gätke's and other observations, it seems positively ascertained that as a general rule the young migrate several weeks in advance of their parents. In fact, Gätke asserts that there is only one exception to this rule, viz., the cuckoo, in which species the old migrate first. But even in this case they cannot act as leaders, since they depart some weeks earlier, and leave no footprints behind them. But it generally happens that before the first migration of young birds a few old ones return from their breeding stations.¹ These, it is supposed, are individuals which have not succeeded in securing mates, or whose nests and eggs have been destroyed. And in his recent work on migration, Mr. Charles Dixon suggests that these stray migrants lead the way for the young. But if, as observation seems to show, these stragglers migrate some days or weeks before the young bird, they can scarcely be their guides. Nor does it seem probable that the young would be stirred up to migrate by a few stray individuals, while the main body of old birds remained behind. It might, however, be reasonably objected that to

decide positively that the young are not led by the old is a difficult matter, and that, in spite of all observation to the contrary, old birds may still be there. In answer to this it must be pointed out that Gätke's observations extend over the long period of fifty years, that he is undoubtedly a careful and accurate observer, and also that the young are as a rule readily distinguishable from the adults by their different plumage. Besides this, the Heligolandiers themselves are keen sportsmen, shooting and snaring large numbers of many different species for food and other purposes. Gätke has thus been able to check off and confirm his own observations by theirs. And, as already said, it does not appear likely that a few old birds should be able to incite the main body of the young to leave the country. It is also to be noted that when the young birds leave, the old generally are moulting and unable to do so; or possibly in some cases engaged with a second brood. Or why, we may ask again, should a few old birds act differently from the rest, and leave the country earlier as guides to the young?

On the return journey in spring the old males migrate first, leaving the females and young birds to follow. But neither in this case are they *avant-courriers* leading the way, seeing that they arrive a few days before the others.

It is probably a very general belief that birds arrive at the end of their long migratory journeys in an emaciated and exhausted condition. This however, is contrary to Gätke's experience, and also to that of the Heligoland fowlers; for, whether near the beginning or end of their journey, the birds when taken are found to be vigorous and well nourished. Yet, curiously enough, they are invariably found to have empty stomachs. It would thus appear that birds prepare for their great migratory feats by abstinence from food.

Gätke's observations have led him to a remarkable and indeed paradoxical conclusion with regard to the soaring

¹ Perhaps the least distant of last year's migration who may have been hindered by age, weakness, accident, or weather on the previous journey?

of birds. He believes that certain species have the power of rising vertically without motion of the wings or visible exertion of any part of the body, and without the assistance of air currents. The honey-buzzard, for example, after flapping its wings lazily two or three times at a height of four hundred feet, will then, without further motion or apparent exertion, rise calmly to a height of several thousand. Thus we have apparently the physical impossibility of a body rising in a medium lighter than itself without perceptible motive power, for we are not acquainted with any physical peculiarity in the bird's structure which might account for its power of doing so. A similar but inverse power has been observed by Gätke and others with regard to water-birds, for these are apparently able to sink in the water—specifically heavier than their own bodies—with as little apparent exertion. If these observations are correct, then it would appear as though birds had the power of making their bodies specifically lighter than air, on the one hand, and heavier than water on the other.

Various theories have been hazarded to explain the marvellous faculty of finding their way over sea and land possessed by migrating birds. Midden-dorff, for example, has suggested that they may be endowed with an extra sense, the magnetic sense, which makes them aware whether their course is directed to the earth's magnetic pole, or in any degree across this direction. Others, again, have considered it a case of inherited habit and memory. The remote ancestor in the first instance chanced to perform the journey, and the influence was transmitted in such a way as to lead the descendant to traverse the same route. If we accept Gätke's conclusions, we are positively left without any theory on this point, for after showing the inconsistency of all hitherto brought forward, he fails to provide us with another.

As an indicator of old land surfaces, and assistant-in-chief to the geologist in his restorations of the outlines of the

land in past ages, the migrating bird has been discredited. The idea was a fascinating one, and apparently well supported. In crossing the Mediterranean, the flying hosts were seen arriving in Sicily from the opposite coast of Africa, and also streaming through Corsica and Sardinia. It was supposed they were following the old land connections by which their ancestors came from Africa into Europe. The land gradually disappeared, but the hereditary instinct was more permanent, and led the feathered hosts to follow the same route in spite of the disappearance of their bridge. They thus confirmed the conclusion of the geologist, that in prehistoric times the Mediterranean was divided into lakes by land connections between Europe and Africa. The migration of the orange-legged hobby (*Falco amurensis*) suggested another land connection. Breeding in eastern Siberia, Mongolia, and North China, it winters in India and South-east Africa. Its passage to the latter, supposed to be by the Maldiv Islands, the Chagos Archipelago, and the Saya de Malha Banks, was the indication of an old land connection between India and Africa, and an Indo-African continent has been suggested as the result of the geological and zoological study of the two countries.

Those birds, too, which have been observed migrating westwards with such apparent recklessness from the west coast of Ireland, as well as those stray American visitors occasionally reaching England, might perhaps be supposed to be seeking the lost Atlantis. Such was the ingenious and apparently well supported theory. But the fate of most beautiful theories was in store for it. Accumulating facts have proved too strong, and it has been dissipated into the mists of error in the brilliant glow from the lighthouses. In other words, the information collected from the lighthouse-keepers seems to show that it is without foundation, for, according to Gätke, the supposed migration of birds along coast-lines, old land connections, valleys, or mountain ranges, is due to narrowness of view. The

observer has only seen part of the feathered stream. Thus a spectator on Helligoland might well suppose that the feathered stream had converged to that spot. But while the birds are passing the island they are likewise seen from a boat several miles to the north extending still further, as well as from a steamer on the river Weser. It is also observed that they arrive here by the whole breadth of our east coast-line. Moreover, our summer visitors are found to arrive directly on the south coast of Ireland, as well as that of England. Probably, then, could we see them crossing the Mediterranean we should observe a column extending over the whole breadth of the African coast. Again, as Gätke points out, Richard's pipit, in its eastward migration, crosses at right angles most of the great river systems of Asia, as well as the Ural Mountains.

There is one most interesting exception, however, in which Gätke thinks the movements of certain birds indicate an unknown, but still existing, land. Those five species, already mentioned, whose breeding stations are still unknown, point to a land lying between the Jeanette Islands and the Pole.

The first part of Gätke's book deals with migration in general. It is followed by descriptions of the three hundred and ninety-six species which, occasionally or regularly, visit Helligoland. Like the first, it is well worthy of attentive study by all interested in bird life, and will be found to contain many interesting and instructive facts.

But it may perhaps be objected that such observations, important and interesting as they are, have brought us no nearer the solution of the how and wherefore of migration.

This is doubtless true, but they have at least shown us that up till now we have been all wrong; and what more can the most exacting expect from modern science? They furnish us, moreover, with a solid foundation of fact, and a clear board for the future construction of theory.

G. W. BULMAN.

From Punch.

THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF INFANCY.¹

BY AN AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST.

Much struck by admirable article in the *Fortnightly* on "The New Study of Children," by Professor Sully. Most suggestive. Have read portions of it aloud to Lucilla, pointing out the value and importance of careful and methodical investigation of the child-mind, the interest in the doings of infancy taken by the naturalist, evolutionist, psychologist, and so on. Lucilla impressed; declares her conviction that there never *was* such a wonderful and interesting baby as Oswald Marmaduke.

Privately, I am of opinion that Oswald Marmaduke, at his present age of seven months and some odd days, has done nothing as yet to justify the insurance companies in raising the premium on any policy affecting the river Thames, but this I keep to myself. I remark insidiously that Professor Sully's article distinctly indicates the *Father* as the person best qualified to "undertake the earlier experimental work in the investigation of child-nature." To which Lucilla only smiles ambiguously and says "Does it?"

I ask Lucilla what she says to my having Oswald Marmaduke down and beginning a scientific inquiry at *once*. She says he is asleep and she can't have him disturbed for any such nonsense.

Rather amused at this characteristically feminine attitude towards science in Lucilla, who was such an ardent advocate of the higher education of women—before the days of Oswald Marmaduke. I ask her if she calls science "nonsense." She replies that if baby is to be experimented with at all, she would rather have it done by a scientific person.

I triumphantly quote Professor Sully to the effect that "the study can be pursued by *any* intelligent observer prepared for the task by a reasonable amount of psychological study." Whereupon Lucilla says she wasn't aware that I had ever taken up psychology. She even expresses a

¹ LIVING AGE, 2683.

doubt whether I can tell her what psychology is.

For the moment I can't hit upon a really neat definition, so I merely retort, with some natural irritation, that I am quite aware she considers me a perfect ass.

On this Lucilla becomes penitent, and, as soon as she sees I am really in earnest, inclined to compromise. "By and by, perhaps," she concedes, "if I promise faithfully not to be rough, I may have Oswald Marmaduke down just for half an hour." I wonder what scientific results she supposes I can get in such a ridiculously short time as half an hour! but I must make it do for a beginning, and increase the periods gradually every day. Spend the interval, while Lucilla is up-stairs, in thinking out and preparing a few simple experiments.

The moment is at hand; Lucilla has just rung for the nurse. Somehow I feel rather nervous. The nurse comes in, bearing Oswald Marmaduke, who clucks, and gurgles, and gasps, as Lucilla rushes at him, and addresses him as "Diddums," and "Mummy's ownest ickle pet." Am forced to remind her of Professor Sully's remark that "baby worship is inimical to carrying out a perfectly cool and impartial process of scientific observation."

The nurse—a woman I never have liked—sniffs disdainfully, and Lucilla takes Oswald Marmaduke on her lap, and says, I can begin to observe him as coolly and impartially as I please; but I mustn't come too close.

It would have been more scientific if I could have had him all to myself on a table, under a lamp; but I suppose I must be content with what I can get, for the present. But I *can't* begin investigating with the confounded nurse in the room. Thank goodness, Lucilla has got rid of her; *now* I can begin.

Oswald Marmaduke is regarding me with a glassy stare that makes me uncomfortable. Professor Sully suggests that "it may be that the baby mind is not so perfectly simple as it looks," and

there's something in my infant's eye that almost makes me fancy he knows I only took a Poll degree instead of a First, like his dear mamma. But he can hardly have heard of it yet.

"Well," says Lucilla, "have you observed that he is a booful darling?"

Honestly, Oswald Marmaduke strikes me more like than ever to a pale and puffy sort of dumpling—with a dash of putty—but I don't think this is precisely the moment to say so. I was thinking, I tell her, how imperfect and incomplete, how feeble and incapable any infant is compared to other animals! She indignantly refuses to admit that Oswald Marmaduke is anything of the sort. "In *one* respect, curiously enough," I admit, to humor her, "even a little creature like *this* possesses extraordinary muscular strength. In its prehensile power it singularly resembles the ape, Lucilla. For instance, you would be astonished to see how long it can hang on to this walking-stick—"

Lucilla insists on the walking-stick being put away. "It was Dr. Lionel Robinson's experiment, my dear," I say reproachfully. But she doesn't care; she says "*her* baby isn't a nasty little gymnastic monkey, and she won't have his ducky little neck broken over any silly experiments."

So I have to test Oswald Marmaduke's prehensile capacity by giving him an ivory paper-cutter to clutch. It is one of our wedding presents, and has a wonderful antique Japanese carved handle, but Oswald Marmaduke promptly allows it to drop on the steel fender, where it is smashed.

Which Lucilla (who is always insisting that women are just as logical as men) declares is entirely *my* fault!

Oswald Marmaduke only bubbles and feigns unconsciousness, though I fancy I catch a sardonic gleam in his marbled little eye, as if he felt that was distinctly one to *him*.

I am anxious to ascertain whether his color sense has developed at all, and if he has any "preferential recognitions," but, the moment I begin to exhibit my sheets of brightly tinted

paper, Lucilla interferes, on the utterly preposterous plea that it will "teach him to squint!"

Test his hearing instead, and his power of associating sounds with definite ideas. I am inclined to think that his hearing, or his intelligence—or possibly *both*—are defective; otherwise, as I tell Lucilla, he would surely betray *some* interest when I imitate a blue-bottle fly buzzing round his head. Lucilla explains his apathy by saying that my buzzing is not in the least *like* a blue-bottle.

I confess I am *rather* hurt; for, hang it all! I have more than once taken in a fox-terrier by the accuracy of my imitation, and there *was* a time, as I remind Lucilla, when *she herself*—But there, it is hardly worth while losing one's temper over such a trifle.

My next experiment is of a rather more elaborate nature. "I am going, Lucilla," I say, as I unmask a battery of cruets and phials which I have previously collected and kept in the background; "I am going to test the child's sense of taste. If you will induce Oswald Marmaduke to put out his tongue, I propose to place a drop of these various condiments, acids, and syrups upon the tip, and carefully note the reactions called out by each successive stimulus. It will be highly instructive."

Lucilla won't hear of it; she is sure it will make baby horribly sick.

I try to reason with her; but it is easy to see that her prejudices are not to be overcome, and so I waive the point, and pass on to something else.

"You will admit the scientific importance of discovering the exact degree of Oswald Marmaduke's sensitiveness to extremes of heat and cold, Lucilla," I say, patiently and, I hope, good-humoredly. "Well, I have here a simple test to which even *you* cannot reasonably object. You see, I take this poker and—"

Lucilla is on her feet in an instant: "What!" she cries, clasping Oswald Marmaduke tightly in her arms; "do you think I shall let you torture my

poor helpless baby before my eyes? *Never!"*

Not the smallest use to explain that the poker is only moderately warm. Besides, Oswald Marmaduke has suddenly burst into a passionate bellow, which diverts my inquiry into another channel.

"Don't try to pacify him, Lucilla," I implore her. "Let him go on. These seizures of rage and terror afford a very valuable study. Perhaps you may not be aware that, as Professor Sully points out, 'they mirror for us, in a diminished, distorted reflection, no doubt, the probable condition of primitive man.' Yes, Oswald Marmaduke's manifestation of fury is pretty certainly 'a survival of actions of remote ancestors in their life and death struggles.' Under what the professor picturesquely terms 'the bull's-eye lamp of scientific investigation—'"

... Lucilla has gone, and taken Oswald Marmaduke with her! From her parting remarks I gather that, so far as that particular specimen of infancy is concerned, the bull's-eye of science must remain a dark lantern.

And yet she possesses—or she would not be my wife—considerable intellectual capacity! If she were a *fool*, I could have understood it.

From Chambers' Journal.
ON THE LECTERN.

Lecterns, or reading-desks, came into use at an early date; there is frequent mention of them in ancient writings, and representations of them in ancient vignettes. They were placed in the centre of choirs in large ecclesiastical buildings as early as the seventh century, and the choristers were arranged in rows on the right and left of them. They are of various forms; but the eagle is introduced in a very large number. With outspread wings, and mounted on a stem at a convenient height for a reader, this grand bird, from an early date, was made to serve the purpose of supporting the framework on which the large and heavy

volumes used in the services were placed. There was, probably, some reference, in the thoughts of those who first used them, to the fact that the eagle soared to the most elevated regions, and therefore, in a fanciful way, would be likely to carry the words of the readers or choristers nearer to heaven than they might otherwise ascend. In some instances the inclined framework on the back of the bird was made to accommodate two books, one above the other, and furnished with movable brackets to light the reader. Frequently the eagle is represented standing on an orb, and sometimes on a dragon, and the base of the stem on which it is placed is often raised on lions. A more simple form, without the introduction of the eagle, consists of an inclined book-board raised to a convenient height on a stem. Next to this are examples that have two slanting book-boards which meet at their upper edges like a roof; and there are others with clever groupings of four desks or book-boards. These are generally made of oak or some other hard wood. They nearly all turn on pivots; and some of them are enriched with much carving. Sometimes the eagle is of wood, and the framework of iron. In the handsomest examples base, stem, bird, and book-board are of polished brass.

Besides the lecterns used in the services, there may still be seen others in old churches on which volumes of homilies and commentaries are chained. Old inventories mention many more. An inventory of the church goods of All Saints' Church, Hereford, for instance, dated 1619, tells us of "The paraphrase of Erasmus chayned to a deske," and "Jewell's workes chayned to a deske." A little later on in the churchwardens' books belonging to the same church there is mention of "one wainscott deske in the chancell," which was doubtless a lectern. In the following century (1766) there is another side light upon the same subject in another entry, "two candlesticks for the reading-desk." There are still books chained to a desk in Horncastle

Church; and there is one, a tattered volume of homilies, with a chestnut-hued cover, in Alnwick Church. In the vestry of All Saints' Church, Hereford, there is a library, consisting of two hundred and eighty-six volumes, all chained to the shelves on which they are placed. In Grantham Church, too, there is a library in chains; and about forty volumes are chained in Turton Church, Lancashire. Kettering Church has two books chained by the covers to a long reading-desk.

Over and above this plan of chaining their books with iron chains, our predecessors had a contrivance for keeping them open that we have also discarded, or have retained only in the modified form of book-marks. The narrow strip of silk, or braid, that we place between the pages of a book, they fastened to the topmost edge of the lectern, and made the ends heavy with leaden weights. When they wished to keep a book open they brought two of these strips down from the ridge of the lectern, one over each page, which prevented all motion of the leaves. When not in use they were allowed to hang down. There are many vignettes in ancient MS. Bibles and other writings showing lecterns with these contrivances attached to them and the leaden weights of a disc-like form depending from them. The well-known French antiquary, M. Viollet-le-Duc, gives five examples of them from ancient writings preserved in French libraries in his "*Dictionnaire Raisonné du Mobilier Français de l'Epoque Carlovingienne à la Renaissance*." One of them shows these ancient book-marks attached to the lower side of a desk on which a scribe is writing, and they are passed up over the book or writing, and over the top edge of the lectern, and allowed to depend from its upper side, instead of the lower one, as in other examples; and there is another instance given in which the weights are fastened to the side, in which case they would be merely lifted and placed upon any sheet that was required to be kept in position.

Both Oxford and Cambridge have

interesting specimens of ancient brass eagles in their college chapels. The county of Norfolk, too, is rich in them; Southampton has two, one of which is very fine, and supported on four lions; Bristol has two, one in St. Mary Redcliffe, and the other in St. Mary-le-Port; Southwell Minster has a grand example which is said to have belonged to Newstead Abbey; and there are others to be met with here and there, as at Campden in Gloucestershire, Huish Champflower in Somersetshire, Salisbury, and Croydon. There is an example of a wooden eagle in Winchester Cathedral; another in All Saints' Church, Monksilver, Somersetshire; and another in Exeter, in St. Thomas's Church. There are a few examples of ancient brass lecterns without eagles. An oaken lectern, with four desks, in St. Martin's Church, Deptling, Kent, is very richly carved. And other oaken examples may be seen in other churches in the same county, as well as in Surrey and Cheshire especially. There is a very early one in Holy Cross Church, Bury, Huntingdonshire.

There is an interesting brass eagle in Long Sutton Church, Lincolnshire. It

stands only two inches short of six feet in height, and its base rests on three lions. There are bold mouldings at intervals up its stem, which is surmounted by a ball or orb rather less than a foot in diameter; and on this ball stands the bird, with beak slightly open and wings outspread, sturdy, prim, and square, though made to revolve upon the stem just below its standing-place. There is a richly sculptured porch to this church with a chamber over it, a stone stair leading up to it, and with a stone-groined roof, and various other features of interest, yet this quaint item holds our remembrance after some of them are forgotten.

One of the three superb old churches in Coventry has a fine brass lectern. This edifice, the proud possessor of one of the "three tall spires" for which the city is celebrated, is pervaded with special charm, as it retains most of the touches given to it when first built. Like its two grand comrades, Trinity Church is light, lofty, and spacious; and like them it is full of memories of the industrious citizens who made Coventry a place of note in former times.

A Bird's Intelligence.—A lady who was one day watching a pair of redstarts as they worked in a tree was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery hard by. Catbirds screamed, wrens scolded, and the robins shouted "Quick!" with all their might. A chipmunk was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from its nest and all the birds round about had come to help make a row about it, including a Baltimore oriole. The screaming and the swish of wings as the birds darted about made the squirrel abandon its prey, and then the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business elsewhere. The oriole had not said a word so far and, beyond the countenancing the hubbub, by his presence, had had no part in it. The squirrel, having dropped the baby catbird, cocked

itself upon a limb and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat not far away looking but doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat and ran out on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use more care to keep its hold and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space he struck the chipmunk in one eye with his sharp-pointed beak, and then turning instantly, struck the other eye in like manner. Quivering with pain, the squirrel let go the limb and dropped to the ground, where it rolled and struggled about apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to its favorite elm, where he sang in the most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery, and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.

